HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A

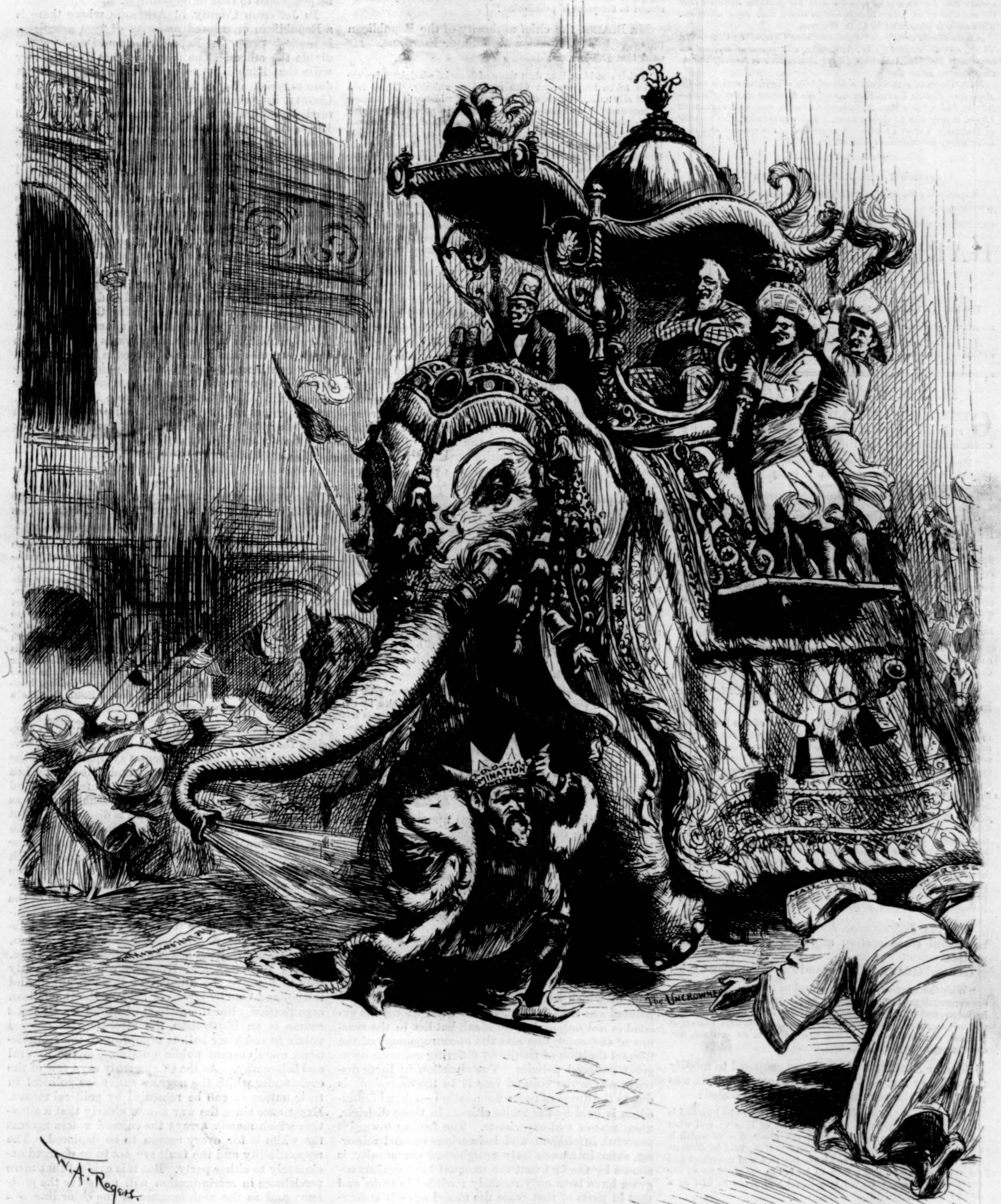
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 1652.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.


MINATION
The UNCROWNE
W. A. Rogers

"MAKE WAY FOR THE UNCROWNED KING!"

"The children never seem to tire of it. Week after week it is in constant demand among the older as well as the younger ones."—*Living Church, Chicago.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Number 459 of this leading juvenile periodical, published on Tuesday, August 14th, is an extraordinary example of the sumptuous literary feasts prepared for the boys and girls of to-day. With it is given a

TWELVE-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a completed five-chapter story by JAMES OTIS, *entitled*

FIVE SHARES IN THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

The illustrations are drawn by W. T. SMEDLEY *and* MISS ALICE BARBER.

Another attractive feature of the number is the first instalment of "CHRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," *a new serial by* KIRK MUNROE, *an author who has become so popular with his youthful audience that the mention of his name is sufficient to secure their eager attention. This story is illustrated by* C. D. WELDON.

A most timely article on "Curious Canoe Capers," by C. BOWYER VAUX, *and illustrated by* W. A. ROGERS, *will prove of especial interest now that the American Canoe Association is holding its annual meet at Lake George.*

JOHN CORYELL *contributes a beautifully illustrated article on the American Beaver,* DAVID KER *one of his thrilling stories of adventure in India, while* MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER *and* AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH *supply bits of dainty verse. Taken altogether, this number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will prove one of the choicest and most satisfactory publications of the season.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

REPUBLICANISM AND WHISKEY.

GENERAL GARFIELD stated a sound and just rule of taxation, and expressed the feeling of conscientious and intelligent Americans, in saying:

> "First, we tax the vices of the people, if that term may be properly applied to some of their social habits. The smokes and drinks and chews of the American people pay almost one-half of the taxes now collected under our internal revenue laws."

The wisdom of the tax, he said, would not be disputed by any one.

Hamilton, advocating an excise tax upon wines, spirits distilled within the United States, teas, and coffee, said that they could better than most others bear high duties, because they were luxuries, and some of them in excessive use pernicious luxuries. This he said was especially true of ardent spirits, and added:

> "Should the increase of duties tend to a decrease of the consumption of these articles, the effect would be in every respect desirable."

Mr. **Jefferson** writes to General **Samuel Smith** in 1823:

> "I shall be glad, too, if an additional tax of one-fourth of a dollar a gallon on whiskey shall enable us to meet all our engagements with punctuality. Viewing that tax as an article in a system of excise, I was once glad to see it fall, with the rest of the system, which I considered as premature and unnecessarily introduced. But the prostration of body and mind which the cheapness of this liquor is spreading through the mass of our citizens now calls the attention of the legislator on a very different principle. One of his important duties is as guardian of those who, from causes susceptible of precise definition, cannot take care of themselves. Such are infants, maniacs, gamblers, drunkards. The last as much as the maniac requires restrictive measures to save him from the fatal infatuation under which he is destroying his health, his morals, his family, and his usefulness to society. One powerful obstacle to his ruin by his self-indulgence would be a price beyond his competence. As a sanitary measure, therefore, it becomes one of duty in the public guardians."

This is a Jeffersonian doctrine worthy of the most respectful consideration at the cross-roads of both parties.

General **Grant**, in his second annual message, said:

> "With the revenue stamps dispensed by the postmasters in every community, a tax upon liquors of all sorts, and tobacco in all its forms, and by a wise adjustment of the tariff which will put a tax only on those articles which we could dispense with, known as luxuries, and those which we use more of than we produce, revenue enough may be raised," etc.

Senator **Edmunds**, when it was proposed to modify the whiskey tax, said that a question of morals was involved in the retention of the tax, and added:

> "The true principle upon which taxation ought to be imposed is to put the highest possible rate on articles of luxury; and what can be more so than this, an article the production of which it would be a great advantage to this country if it could be discouraged instead of encouraged, and leave the corn and the wheat and the rye that go into you poison to be fed to the children of the drunkard, instead of turned into liquid and given to him as a drink?"

Senator **Hawley** said in Congress:

> "I will not vote for the entire abolition of direct taxation, nor can the gentleman find a wise government or a wise head of finance in any foreign country that is in favor of taking all duties from whiskey and tobacco. They are the legitimate plunder of the tax collector, the legitimate plunder of the exchequer, in every government of the world. They all get a large part of their revenues from them. We should be immeasurably and insufferably foolish if we abolished those taxes. I am against it."

In the same year the Republican Convention in Maine resolved that

> "we are unalterably opposed to the abolition or reduction of the internal revenue tax on liquors, and demand that all possible reduction of taxation should be made on necessaries, and not upon luxuries."

Mr. **Emerson**, in his essay on civilization, says that a wise government puts fines and penalties on pleasant vices, and added:

> "What a benefit would the American government, not yet relieved of its extreme need, render to itself and to every city, village, and hamlet in the States if it would tax whiskey and rum almost to the point of prohibition!"

Mr. **Blaine**, the chief authority of the Republican party of to-day, agrees with Senator **Edmunds**. He said last December:

> "Other considerations than those of financial administration are to be taken into account with regard to whiskey. There is a moral side to it. To cheapen the price of whiskey is to increase its consumption enormously. There would be no sense in urging the reform wrought by high license in many States if the national government neutralizes the good effect by making whiskey within the reach of every one at twenty cents a gallon. Whiskey would be everywhere distilled if the surveillance of the government were withdrawn by the remission of the tax, and illicit sales could not then be prevented even by a policy as rigorous and searching as that with which Russia pursues the Nihilists. It would destroy high license at once in all the States....So long as there is whiskey to tax I would tax it....The tax on whiskey by the Federal government, with its suppression of all illicit distillation and consequent enhancement of price, has been a powerful agent in the temperance reform by putting it beyond the reach of so many."

These views, so far as they are modern, were until recently Republican views. They were the views of a party of moral ideas; of a party which, perceiving the terrible consequences to the individual and to society of the unrestricted use of ardent spirits, would limit the use by high taxation. This has been the policy of the Republican party. It has asked the support of the friends of temperance on the ground that it was essentially a temperance party, because it favored a high tax, in the form of a license upon the sale of spirituous liquors. But its latest and strongest declaration reverses its precedents, and demands as a remedy for the surplus the repeal of the taxes upon tobacco and upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and if despite this, and while checking by higher duties the importation of articles produced in this country,

> "there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government, we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes [that is, free whiskey] rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system."

This is wholly new Republicanism, and a complete renunciation of the old principle upon the subject. It is this new departure which repels Dr. **Cuyler** and other strong temperance men. The attempt to sophisticate such men and others by asserting that the States can still lay the tax is baffled by an authority which ought to be conclusive with those who make the attempt. Mr. **Blaine** says:

> "The national government has an absolute monopoly of the revenue from customs, because the States are forbidden by the Constitution to levy a tax on imports. The excise tax was left open to both the national and State governments. But, as a matter of fact, it is only the national government that can effectively levy and collect it. Should the State of Illinois, for instance, attempt to levy an excise on whiskey, the distilleries would be removed across the river to Missouri. Each State in turn that should attempt to collect an excise tax would find itself baffled and disabled. It is only the national government that can do it."

The position taken at Chicago upon this subject, like that upon the higher tariff tax, with the suggestion of reducing the surplus by prodigal disbursements, presents as Republicanism a policy and a prospect which alarm a host of Republicans, as others were alarmed in 1884 by the character and significance of the nominations. It is another sign of the party disintegration which is now going on.

THE COLOR LINE.

SOME time ago, in speaking of the Southern question, by which we meant that of the colored vote, we pointed out that the remedy for such wrongs as existed is not national or political, but lies in the erasure of the color line and the encouragement of the normal division of parties by differing opinions upon great national policies. The situation in those districts where the colored vote is in the ascendant is due to the dread of negro domination—a dread founded, as is held by the white citizens in those districts, upon reason and experience. The feeling toward a peaceful, intelligent, and industrious colored minority, even in a peculiarly enlightened community, is shown by the fact that the unequal laws against negroes have been only recently modified in Ohio, and that in parts of that State the mixed schools authorized by law are still repugnant to the whites. In such communities it is fair to presume that if the majority vote were that of recently emancipated slaves, some means would be devised directly or indirectly to escape its control. The wrong and the danger of refusing to respect the rights of a majority of legal voters in a community are indisputable. They cannot be confined to that community, and patriotic and intelligent men will therefore not content themselves with decrying them, but by a careful and sympathetic study of causes and circumstances will seek practical measures of relief. The actual situation is plainly stated by Judge **McClure**, of Arkansas, in a recent speech to the Lincoln Club at Little Rock. The judge has been one of the chief Republican leaders in the State for twenty years. He says that "the white element of the South will never submit to negro rule," seeing in it only a promise of the horrors of San Domingo. As long as the negro vote is solid, every other question and interest will be postponed to that of opposing it.

In Jefferson County, in Arkansas, where there is a Republican or colored majority of 2800, a bargain is made between the Republicans and Democrats to divide the offices. The reason is that the minority wills that it shall be so, and the majority does not dare to resist. Judge **McClure** says that in Phillips County, in Arkansas, 400 Democrats hold 3600 colored Republicans in subjection, and less than 100 Democrats in Crittenden County have overborne the colored Republican organization and expelled the colored officers from the county. He says that they are asking the Governor for redress, but that it will be in vain. Negro domination, he thinks, once overthrown by revolution, has never been restored. This situation, he says as a Republican, cannot be changed until the negro vote is divided. While it is simply black against white, "the law is powerless, the Governor is powerless, the courts are powerless." Judge **McClure** advises the dissolution of the alliance between the Republican party and the negro vote as the only way of promoting natural and normal party relations, and consequently of giving the Republican party a chance of growth and influence in the State. The Republican platform, he says, is acceptable to large interests and bodies of voters in Arkansas and other Southern States. But while Republican success means negro domination there can be no other question. When, however, the vote is determined, not by color, but by conviction and preference, as in Massachusetts or New York, then the fear of black domination will disappear, and the white voters will take sides according to their interests and belief.

Judge D. L. **Russell**, an equally prominent Republican leader in North Carolina, an ex-member of Congress, in recently declining a nomination for the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court, speaking as a Republican, says:

> "I would rise to remark that, while as a rule the South does not treat its colored people with the same liberality and justice which they receive in the North, there is yet defence for the deep and dire determination of the Southern white man to never submit to negro rule. The negroes of the South are largely savages. We, with Northern aid and sanction, kidnapped them, enslaved them, and by most monstrous wrong degraded them so that they are no more fit to govern than are their brethren in African swamps, or so many Mongolians dumped down from pagan Asia. In North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and other frontier States there is not the slightest danger of negro government, nor has there ever been. But in South Carolina and most of the cotton States there was negro rule, which was as much a parody upon civilized institutions as is the present Bourbon dominion in South Carolina a travesty upon free government."

Judge **Russell** proceeds to say as strongly as possible that he does not say that all negroes are savages, and that he has the deepest sympathy with the race, for which, through hatred and obloquy, he has contended for twenty years. An intelligent and prosperous African citizen is as agreeable to him as the Southern Bourbon Democrat is disgusting. But he feels that the identification of Republicanism with negro domination keeps "the South" solid. The movement for a division of the colored vote, of which the Indianapolis Convention is a sign, is therefore to be warmly welcomed. The remarks of its President, Mr. **Peter H. Clark**, a former principal of the colored high-school in Cincinnati, from which position it is stated that he was dismissed by the Republicans solely because he ceased to be a Republican, show great intelligence and shrewd perception. Judges **McClure** and **Russell** would apparently seek to dissolve the alliance of Republicanism and the colored vote by repelling it from the Republican organization. But the method of which Mr. **Clark**'s course is an illustration, the resolution of colored voters to cast their ballots according to their convictions upon current public questions, is the natural and better way. As Mr. **Clark** truly says, few of the evils under which the negroes suffer are political in their nature or can be remedied by political means. Experience since the war shows clearly that a situation which merely arrays the colored voters against the white is for every reason to be deplored. The responsibility and the fault are not to be charged exclusively to either party. But it is evident that mere persistence in recrimination will not solve the problem; and as the maintenance of the color line will remedy no abuse, its disappearance in a natural difference of opinion upon public questions will be the earnest of the solution of a serious problem.

SHERIDAN.

The most picturesque and romantic figure in the group of great Union Generals was **Sheridan**. His vigor, his skill, his success in battle, justify the title of "our great battle General," which ex-President **Hayes** gives him in his despatch. Dash and swiftness and dauntlessness are the qualities which always dazzle the imagination; but in **Sheridan** they do not outshine his true military genius of perception, comprehension, and concentration. General **Grant** said that **Sheridan** saw at once and instinctively the key of the position, and knew how to bring the fitting force to bear upon the right point at the right moment. This was **Napoleon's** rule, to outnumber the enemy at the critical point. **Sheridan** too had the moral power of doubling his force by inspiring it. It was a charmed personal ascendency, which also **Napoleon** had, and which more than anything else makes an army invincible.

The military achievements of **Sheridan** both at the West and the East are strongly defined in the story of the war. His fiery sweep of the Shenandoah Valley, his cheerful seizure of the retreating army at Winchester, then hurling it a resistless bolt at the enemy, his terrible onsets which rolled up the flank of the foe, and the air of victory in which he moved, are all recalled with a thrill by those who remember the daily progress of the war, but they are as striking in the historic narrative. It was doubtless felt at the time that he was especially a fighter, an indomitable and unequalled lieutenant, rather than a commander-in-chief; but a study of his career in the field justifies **Grant's** belief that in the large sense he was a born soldier, and that in the chief command he would have planned campaigns as wisely as he would have prosecuted them heroically and triumphantly.

Like **Sherman**, he declined all political contention when the war ended. **Grant's** position as head of the armies, to whom **Lee** surrendered, and whose simple and patriotic magnanimity forecast both the feeling and the policy of the restoration, made him the chief representative of the Union cause, and naturally led to his Presidency. But the political suggestions in regard to **Sherman** and **Sheridan** were felt to be mere party expedients, and were countenanced by neither of the Generals. In the case of all, when **Grant's** life was ended, it was strikingly evident that the good fortune which seems to attend America was still supreme. That in such a vast and momentous contest as our civil war **Lincoln** should have been President, and **Grant**, **Sherman**, **Sheridan**, and **Thomas** our chief Generals, is a marvellous tribute to American character and American institutions. The President was the only American whom we can name with **Washington**. The Generals were soldiers of illustrious genius, whose only inspiration was unselfish patriotism.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The friends of the International Copyright Bill in Washington decided that the wiser course is to defer final action until December, but Mr. **Collins** asked the House in vain to appoint a day for its consideration, and it must take its chance. The postponement was favored both by members of Congress and unofficial advocates of the measure. The reason is that the passage of the **Mills** bill has left the House virtually without a quorum, and that the indifference of a late session and the apprehension of taking action during a Presidential campaign upon a somewhat noted question might imperil the bill if it were pushed to a vote. This is a disappointment, but there is the consolation that the project will not be harmed by further consideration. The more the subject is pondered, the stronger the movement becomes, and after the election there will be greater probability of a disposition of the bill upon its merits. It has already passed the Senate, and the apparent favor with which it is regarded by leaders of both sides in the House encourages the expectation of success. The proposed measure, as we have stated, is a compromise among all interests—a result which is now reached for the first time. Concessions have been made to the mechanical interests involved, without which the prospects of a settlement would have been seriously impaired. But the desire and the ability to agree are the earnest of a common feeling which is essential to success.

Meanwhile a very interesting and significant incident was the late banquet in London in honor of American authors. It is a pleasant sign of the existing good feeling in the literary craft that while American authors are striving to secure a just recognition of the rights of English authors in this country, English authors, in turn, should be evincing in England their cordial regard for their American brethren. One of the most famous of these, Mr. **Lowell**, was the guest of honor, and the warmth of his reception was not only a tribute to the eminent man of letters, but to the American citizen who has done so much, both as an author and as an official representative, to promote a common good feeling between the countries. Mr. **Bryce** presided, the historian of the Holy Roman Empire and late Under Foreign Secretary, an accomplished scholar and man of affairs, who has been much in this country, and has studied our institutions with care and sympathy and admiration. Mr. **Lowell** said he looked back upon nothing in his life with more satisfaction than upon the fact that he had been able in some degree to contribute to the international good feeling. He spoke with authority and accuracy in saying that American authors were willing to accept any bill recognizing the principle of International copyright, and confessed his impatience with the imputation that popular government tends to produce a lower standard of morality than exists elsewhere. He thought the root of the trouble lay in a certain dulness in our common ancestors in distinguishing between literary and other work.

The occasion had more than a personal or exclusively literary significance. At a time when the exigencies of a party contest in this country compel a defiant and sneering tone toward England the cordial and friendly understanding of the literary class of both countries is a great public benefit. The constant sputtering jealousy of England on the part of small American politicians, as if America were unable to hold her own except by angry bluster and foolish rhetoric, is a contemptible slur upon American character and capacity and dignity. There are Americans who apparently think that their patriotism is established by a sneering epigram at England, and that the surest way to discredit a political opponent is to represent him as obsequious to England. Mr. **Cabot Lodge** so far forgot himself in a recent speech as to descend to sneering at Mr. **Lowell** as holding America to be a failure. Mr. **Lodge**, however, would find it a very difficult task to mention any man who has surpassed Mr. **Lowell** in deepening the self-respect of honorable Americans, in illustrating the finest American qualities, in elevating and ennobling American thought, and in fidelity to the highest American ideal. Any shallow demagogue can stir the applause of a crowd of hot partisans. But Mr. **Lodge** has shown himself capable of earning the thoughtful and enduring approval of intelligent Americans. To renounce this approval, and to flatter ignorant and unmanly prejudice, for whatever purpose, is not to be a better American. The words of **Lincoln** are still the noblest expression of the true American spirit toward every nation—"with malice toward none, with charity for all."

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The life of **Martin Van Buren**, by **Edward M. Shepard**, in the "Series of American Statesmen," is a very interesting and significant book, not only as the memoir of one of the ablest and most conspicuous leaders of the old Democratic party, but as the work of one of the new Democrats, whose views upon the great public question of the last generation, that of slavery, are those held by the old Republican party. The book is written with ample knowledge and definite convictions, and in a lucid and attractive style. It treats an epoch in our political history which, while within the memory of older men, is yet unfamiliar to the new generation, and it treats it candidly, but with Democratic sympathies. This we do not mention as a defect. Political history must be always written with certain mental inclinations, which, however, need not confuse the judgment. **Motley** treats Elizabethan politics with the feeling of a participant, and it is to that feeling that his works owe their picturesque vividness and vigor. The contemporary Whig view of **Van Buren** was that of "a fox," a "little magician," a smooth, "non-committal," plausible politician, shifty, evasive, and lucky. This view became the Whig tradition, and **Van Buren** has greatly suffered from it. To those educated in that tradition his work upon the origin of parties in this country was an unexpected revelation of ability which compelled a readjustment of opinion.

Mr. **Shepard's** book will complete that change. The reader who does not accept fully his estimate of the man will yet acknowledge that hitherto **Van Buren** has not been correctly appreciated, and that he is fairly entitled to rise from the class of mere politicians to that of statesmen. His conduct of the great financial controversy of 1837, ending in the creation of the independent Treasury, discloses a breadth and comprehensiveness of view and a certain civic courage which are not the qualities of political tricksters. But the final verdict upon **Van Buren** will be probably that while he had political principles, he yet lacked political principle. In other words, his tastes and his ambitions inclined him to consider at every point rather what was expedient than what was right. In an executive officer of enormous responsibility this is indeed often indispensable. We do not deny it. But a man of profound principle will not place himself in a position where he must disregard principle for expediency. **Seward** said that he early learned from **Jefferson** that in statesmanship we must often do what we can rather than what we would. But it is obviously a dangerous plea. A demagogue may take the lowest course, and profess profound regret that circumstances and public opinion do not permit him to take a higher. If a view of expediency is to determine conduct, it is of the utmost importance to know who it is that estimates expediency. There are three courses always open to a public man in office: to pursue his own view, to obey that of his party or his constituency, or to resign. He may take any of these courses honestly. Even in the second alternative he may hold it better for his own view to yield for the time to that of his party. But here there is extreme danger of sophistication. When **John Quincy Adams** decided to support **Jefferson's** embargo, it is singular that he did not resign for the reason that led him to resign after he had voted.

During the later career of **Van Buren** the touchstone of the quality of American statesmanship and public men was the question of slavery. He had given an early vote for the limitation of slavery extension, and he had some natural antislavery impulses. But much of the advance of the slave power was made during his active political life, under the auspices of his party, and it cannot be fairly said that he withstood its tendency. **Van Buren** meant to be President, and he knew as well as **Webster** that the essential condition of success was the favor of the slave power, and they both knew the terms of that favor. **Webster's** early and strong antislavery convictions and expressions and his essential Northern mould were more significant to that power than his later abasement, and **Van Buren's** position upon the annexation of Texas lacked absolute devotion to the policy of slavery, and was therefore fatal. After his defeat for the Democratic nomination in 1848, if he had seriously changed his view of the slavery question he might well have made a plain statement of the fact, and have withdrawn from the support of his old party. But after he had proved the apparent fervor of his new antislavery views by accepting a nomination to defeat the Democratic nomination, because of what he declared to be the wrong position of the Democratic party, he rejoined the party when its position was even worse, and having refused to vote for **Cass**, he voted for **Buchanan**. This course Mr. **Shepard** deplores and condemns. He conceals nothing in his story, least of all his own opinions. But knowing that he is really and justly rehabilitating a public man who has been misunderstood and depreciated, his friendly sympathy seems to us sometimes to give to the portrait a rosier hue than that of truth. His work, however, is so admirable and judicious and valuable that it will take rank with the best of our political biographies.

GENERAL FISK'S LETTER.

The letter of General **Fisk** accepting the Prohibition nomination for the Presidency makes a neat point against the Republican platform. "The first concern of good government," says the Chicago platform, "is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home." Very well, says General **Fisk**, in substance, then, by your own confession, the tariff is a secondary issue. The Republican platform declares virtue, sobriety, and purity to be the first concern of government, while the Republican press and orators insist that the method of collecting a revenue is the paramount issue.

General **Fisk** also condemns the folly of the Republican policy of prohibiting pauper immigration, and of excluding the rivalry of pauper labor by a high tariff, while favoring license to "perpetuate the manufacture of paupers and criminals in our own midst, with whom honest labor must compete, and whom largely it must support."

The letter represents undoubtedly a widely diffused sentiment, and General **Fisk's** candidacy may have a very decided effect upon the election by reducing the Republican vote in New Jersey.

AMERICAN ACTORS IN ENGLAND.

The space which is given to the theatre in the London correspondence of the great New York papers shows how general must be the interest in plays and players. The presentation by Mr. **Mansfield** of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the performances of Mr. **Daly's** company in London and Stratford are described with a detail which is hardly allotted to the most important public events. The interest is partly due to the fact that the companies are American, and there is an amusing air of surprise in the accounts, such as our press might display at the revelation of high scholarship among the Sioux.

Mr. **Henry Irving** taught us the value of an intelligent "setting" of dramatic performances, and the English public may well think that we have improved upon the lesson when it sees the **Daly** performance of *Taming the Shrew*. That play evidently "took the town," and at Stratford the spectacle seems to have been a great event. The letters speak of the ignorant interest in things American, which causes a theatrical company to be regarded with much the same curiosity that greeted a Chinese embassy a hundred years ago.

PERSONAL.

Professor Elisha Gray, who has been such a determined contestant of the honors given to Professor **Bell** for inventing the telephone, has organized a "telautograph" company, the telautograph being an instrument that he has invented for transmitting messages long distances in fac-simile handwriting of the sender. Rich New York capitalists are back of him.

—General **Sherman** averages two dinner invitations a day, but he accepts considerably fewer than he did a year ago.

—**Rossi**, Italy's great tragedian, has decided to quit the stage. It has given him a fortune.

—New York's Grand Lodge of Masons has been tendered the handsome estate of the late Governor **Washington Hunt** at Lockport on which to establish a Masonic Asylum. **John Hodge**, who is Junior Grand Warden of the order in this State, makes the gift.

—Germany's new Emperor is distributing pictures and images of himself broadcast. One of his latest freaks was to have himself photographed beside **Bismarck**.

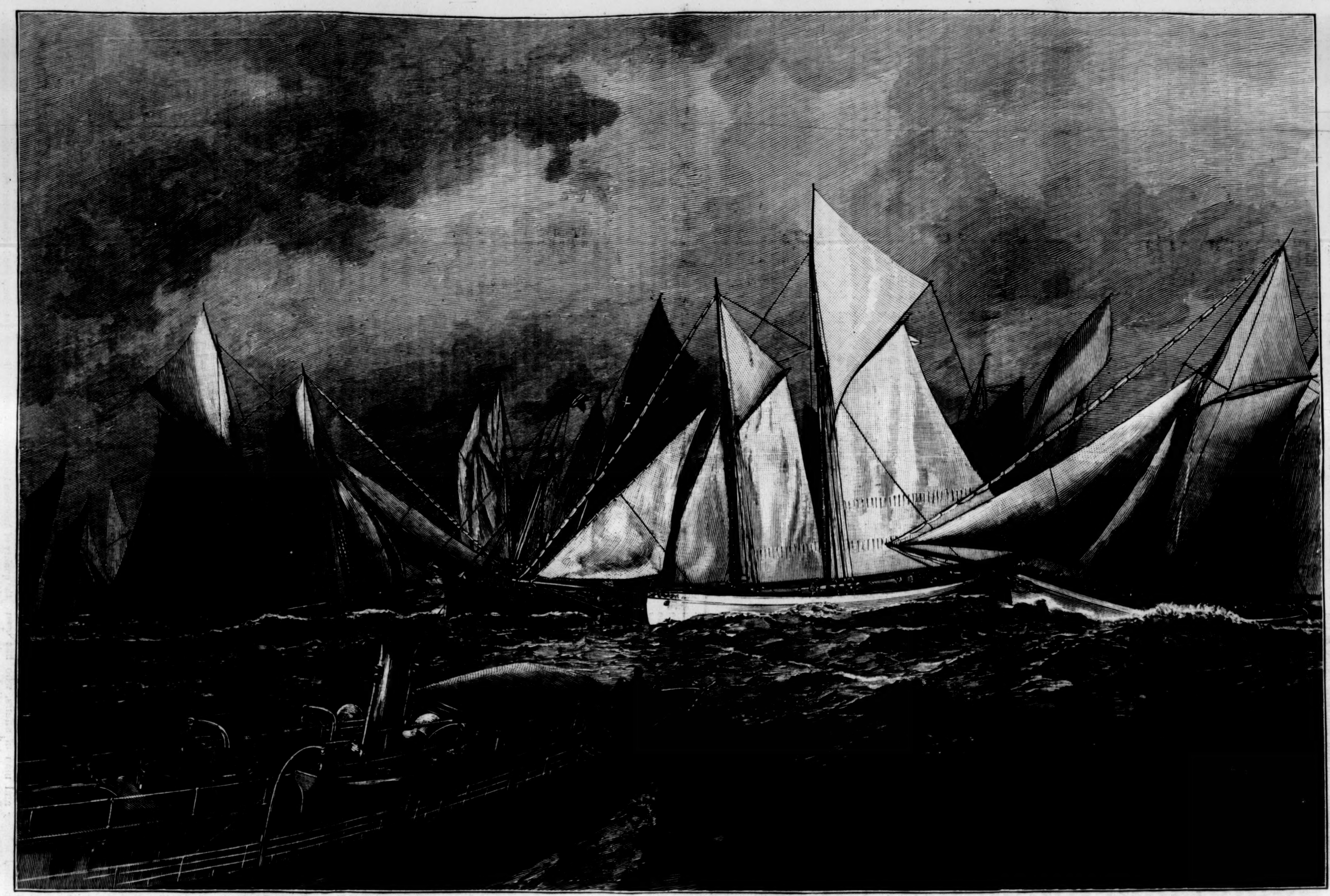
—**Thomas H. Seay**, who has just been re-elected Governor of Alabama, served through the war as a private in the Confederate ranks. He is hailed as a sort of political curiosity on that account down South, where every other politician boasts an army title.

—**Henry Ward Beecher's** country home at Peekskill is reported to be sadly neglected. It cost Mr. **Beecher** $300,000, but is now said to be offered in the market at $80,000.

—General **Alfred H. Terry**, who gave up army duties for the chance to rest, is rapidly regaining his health and strength. He spends most of his time in an old army tent that he has pitched upon the lawn of his new home at New Haven.

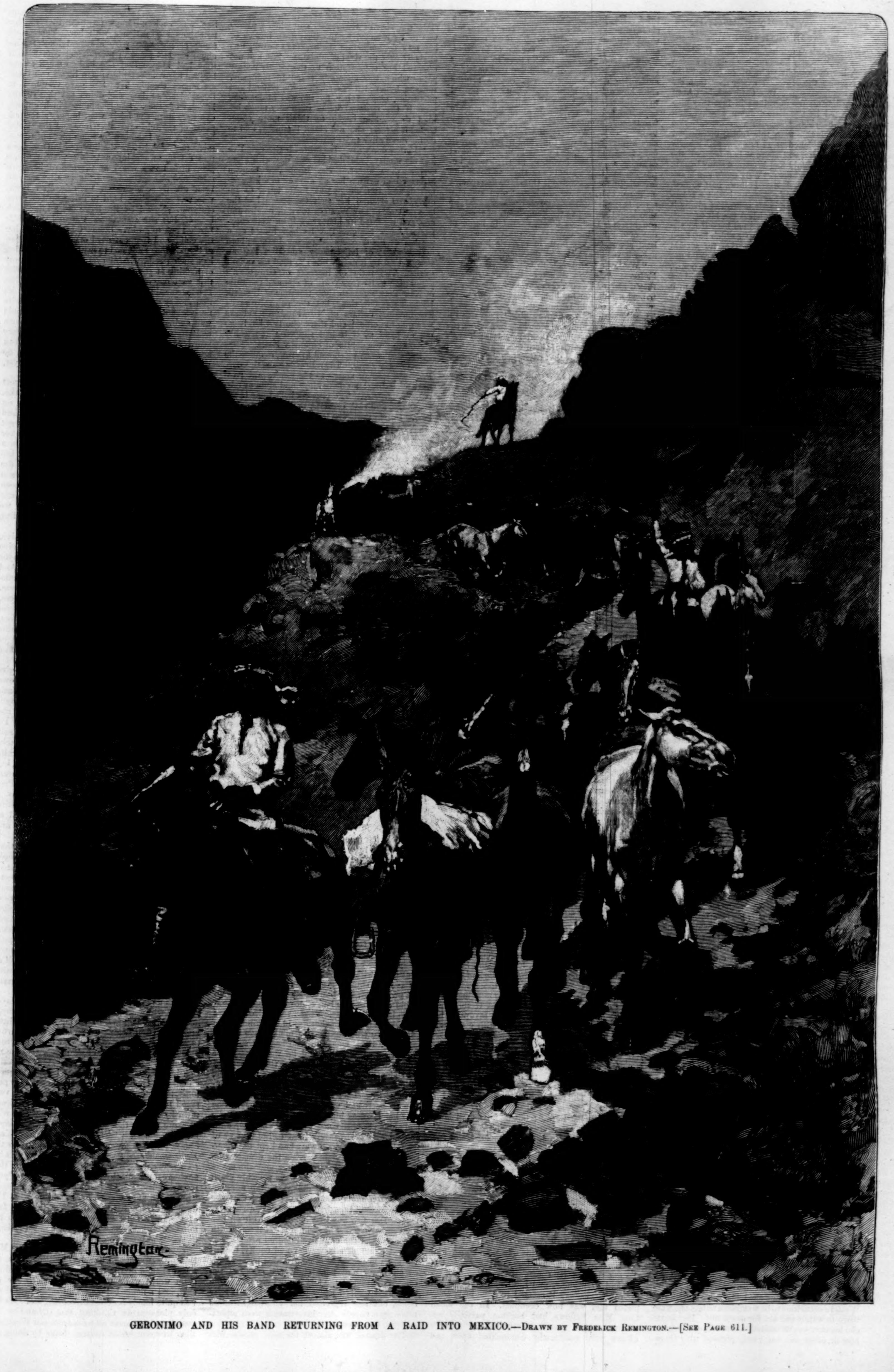
—A patriot doomed to disappointment lately addressed this epistle to General **Black**, of the National Pension Office: "I am the father of seven sons by one wife. I have been informed by different parties that where a man is the father of seven sons and no daughters he was entitled to a pension. Therefore I write you to know the truth about it, and how shall I proceed?"

—**James Stevens** was a poor man, and one of the original settlers of Portland, Oregon. He pre-empted 260 acres of land in what is now the heart of that town, and now, dying, he leaves to heirs who had forgotten him an estate worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.



"SEA FOX." "GRAYLING." "SACHEM."

THE THREE CHIEF CONTESTANTS FOR THE GOELET CUP FOR SCHOONERS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 618.]



GERONIMO AND HIS BAND RETURNING FROM A RAID INTO MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederick Remington.—[See Page 611.]

THE GROWTOWN "BUGLE."

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

One gray Friday morning, when Miss Prudence Fellows was listlessly finishing her belated week's ironing, her eye caught sight of some words in large type on the scorched newspaper that lay on the ironing-board. Her flat-irons had been troubling her all the morning; in fact they also were affected by the dismal damp weather, and needed to be rubbed smooth very often. She had nothing better than this folded newspaper, which she had picked up at random, with a hasty glance at its date, and there it had been all the time until its top fold had become a shiny brown.

The words were these: "Why don't you Make your Fortune?" and Miss Fellows half smiled, and looked pleased and conscious, letting a freshly heated iron cool in mid-air instead of giving it a determined rub. She finished the bit of work that was in hand, and then seated herself by the kitchen window to read the paper which had been confronting her with calm assertion for several hours. This was a strange paper; she could not remember at first how it had come into the house, and then remembered that one of the neighbors must have wrapped a bundle of asparagus in it the week before. The asparagus was too young to cut, and Miss Fellows resented the bad bargain, for asparagus was a great luxury to her, and she always hated to pay for anything. A stern honesty ruled her every action, however; she could not bear the thought of owing any one, any better than she could bear spending money. The only proper course was to be self-denying. She had let her own garden run to waste, and was now selling a small crop of standing grass every year from where the asparagus bed and the beets and radishes and delicious melons used to grow in her father's and mother's time. She said that it was far cheaper to buy what she needed, and it was too much trouble and expense to carry on a whole garden for one person.

"Well," she said aloud, in a grumbling tone, "p'r'aps the newspaper may be wuth more to me than Abby Cook's sparrowgrass was. I think likely her Sam'el sent it home to her; he's roamin' out that way somewheres. Growtown, Kansas—never heared of the place before. Seems to think well of itself," she muttered as she unfolded it and glanced over the singed and torn sheet. "'Best investments in the State,' be they? 'Election of Se-lectmen.' Well, we don't think wuth a while to take much notice o' that down this way. Laying out o' new lots; present o' strawberries to the editorial staff—um, um, um. Seem to have had a good time eatin' of 'em. Hon. Simeon Streeter elected Town Treasurer. Progress of Hon. Simeon Streeter's elegant new residence. Lor', here's a picture of it! '*Tis* a han'some place, I declare; and 'way out in Kansas too! 'Twa'n't long ago there was nobody but Digger Injuns or some such makeshifts o' humanity out there," mused Miss Fellows.

"I should like to live in some such a place, where there was a bustlin' drive 'mongst the men-folks, and buildin's a-puttin' up, and all them things. Now if I had anybody to advise with I shouldn't wonder if I could git high interest on my money out to Growtown. What was that about my makin' a fortune? I caught sight o' somethin'—oh! new business block—here 'tis: stock all subscribed fór but forty thousand (that's considerable, seems to me); eight per cent. to ten per cent. guaranteed from rents the first year," and she gave a sigh of envy. "The deacon said I couldn't look for nothin' higher'n five;" and with a dissatisfied look Miss Prudence rose and went to her work again, laying the Growtown *Bugle* carefully aside. She pounded the old board tremendously; she was excited by a new idea.

To such a daily contracting life as Miss Prudence's was, a glimpse into a reckless, daring, enthusiastic Western town was a strange revelation. She finished her ironing, the early summer day was at high noon, and the rain had ceased to fall; but when she had carefully made the last preparation for an unusually busy Saturday there still remained an hour or two before supper-time. She changed her calico dress for a neat but rusty alpaca, and went to the sitting-room. The deacon had promised to come that evening to conclude arrangements for the investment of five hundred dollars, which had been pinched and saved by its owner out of her narrow income from mill stocks and woodlands left by her father.

"I hate to have him come purrin' round and peekin' into everything I've got. He don't know the whole story, an' he sha'n't," said Prudence. "I've paid him a little somethin' here an' there, and advantaged him where I could in reason. I've a good mind to let those folks out in Growtown, Kansas, have this money. I'll write 'em first anyways, an' tell him I've got other views when he comes to-night, leastways that I ain't ready to make up my mind 'bout that spool factory stock he talked of; an' if I lose it out West 'tis my own hunt."

She was surprised at herself for the daring courage that made her send a dollar bill by way of subscription to the Growtown *Bugle* for six months, and said as she did so that she wanted to see how a story turned out that was begun in the iron-browned copy for April 30th that had fallen into her hands. But when after a week the first number of her subscription was brought from the post-office she hunted eagerly until she found a further prospectus of the new block. This was not the only thing that promised well as an investment now, and one broadside was given up to a plan of new streets and building lots that were expected to rise in value quickly. The dazzling success of this enterprise was something to reflect upon, and Miss Prudence reflected. She never belied her name, and she had always believed all Western securities to be worthless unless one were there to watch and act for one's self. Her financial horizon was as limited as it could be, but somehow or other she was vastly pleased with Growtown. Her judgment assented to every word of a short editorial. "We would urge our readers not to be faithless to our enterprising town, now that she is making such daring strides of progress. We will venture to say that no town in the West shows such largeness of vision and true unselfish enterprise as Growtown. The census returns show how attractive our chosen home has proved to outsiders, and our elegant business streets and beautiful private residences show how quickly Growtown's adopted children become loyal to the budding city. We need the help of some outside capital just at this time, and to see it flow in daily from the East, and we wish, in our editorial capacity, to assure investors in Growtown improvements that we only ask them to come and investigate for themselves. Ours is no fine scheme on paper only, and we are honest men and citizens, not adventurers and speculators. Those who lend their aid to the completion of the Simeon Streeter business block, named in honor of one of our leading citizens, or the remunerative land enterprise set forth in to-day's issue, will never have cause to regret the step."

"Well, the man seems to talk fair," said Miss Fellows. "Simeon Streeter—that was the one they'd elected Town Treasurer, and now they've named a building for him. Must be an elderly man, an' somebody amongst 'em, I'm sure. There!" with sudden high resolve, "I declare I'll write a letter to him, and see which he advises, the block or one or two o' them new lots; 'twon't do no harm. I feel 's if there was a kind o' luck laying in my reading that paper just as I was goin' to invest."

If our heroine had seen Growtown in that stage of its existence she might not have been so encouraged.

A few days later the Honorable Simeon Streeter looked up at his small son, who came running barefooted from the post-office, and was pleased to see a dozen letters in his small hand. The Honorable Streeter was a man of about thirty-five; he was in his shirt sleeves painting his front fence. His elegant residence was much more imposing in the newspaper wood-cut than in reality; to tell the truth, the Growtown *Bugle* had furnished itself with most of its type and some electrotype illustrations at a sheriff's sale of a defunct newspaper in a neighboring town. Sim Streeter was putting up a house for himself and his wife and three children; quite a modest house, and not yet lathed and plastered; but there was the electro lying idle, and the friendly editor used it by way of compliment. Sim Streeter had made one or two unsuccessful settlements in towns that had dwindled, but this time he meant to keep his dogged resolution not to quit until he was worth his cool hundred thousand. They were pretty certain, all the enterprising Growtown citizens, that the Chikken Hazard and Flyby and the Wantostop Railroad extensions would form a junction in Growtown, where there were first rate water privileges and several other inducements. Streeter knew an official of the Wantostop; indeed, they were old chums, and Jim Bush was doing his best to accommodate a deserving friend. If it seemed expedient for the junction to be twenty minutes nearer Kansas City, Growtown was lost.

Simeon Streeter's courage was still high. He owned a long line of lots where he believed the companies would place their chief buildings. He owed for nearly all of them; but money was coming in at last. He laid down his paint-brush on a bit of board, and went in out of the sun to read his letters. There were some satisfactory letters, and then circulars—a whole half-dozen of them—inviting this well-known man to invest his capital in more or less rewarding business operations elsewhere. "I've got it all in one," thought Streeter, with a thrill of pride. "I'm going up like a rocket when I start."

He looked a little puzzled when he came to the last letter. The prim unbusinesslike handwriting might belong to some elderly relative whose name he could not recall; but when he glanced at the signature it was unknown, and this was the first he had heard of Simmsby, Massachusetts, at which the letter was dated.

Miss Prudence Fellows requested him to acquaint her with some further particulars in regard to investing money in Growtown. She understood that he was *a man of probity and honor*. She would like his advice about the respective values of the Streeter block and the building lots, having *a little* money to invest; but if that *did well* she might consider Growtown favorably in future. Miss Fellows had smiled with glee over her own little craftiness. "They won't let me lose whatever I let 'em have now," she assured herself, with lofty self-approval.

"She's some old maid that's venturing for herself," mused Simeon. "I'll work off some of my lots on you, Prudy, and make a smashing favor of it. The money 'll come in handy. I'll offer you ten of 'em as a special thing."

This was what he did; but by next mail Miss Fellows wrote to secure two only, and pointed out their desired location on the broadside of the Growtown *Bugle*.

"Hanged if she hain't picked out the best of the lot!" exclaimed the amazed owner. "I'll tell her she must take the two next those. I won't give her the corner anyway. She may be rich as mud, and I'll please her this time." And so the business was settled.

Prudence had many fears, and made herself miserable with self-reproach the rest of the summer. When she had nothing else to think of she thought despairingly of this mistaken step. She eagerly read the weekly issue of the *Bugle*, but she got tired of its constantly repeated prophecies and assurances, and the block still pleaded for capital, though it seemed to have been completed and was now occupied. In the mean time Miss Fellows had became partially acquainted with many citizens whose private affairs were continually commented upon and recorded. Her world had been increased by exactly the size of Growtown, and when a pastor was to be selected by the Growtown branch of her own denomination she became as excited as anybody over the rival candidates. She had not renewed her subscription to the weekly county paper which was generally taken in Simmsby, for she believed that enough news, general and particular, reached her by the way of Kansas, even if the national items were very much behind time. She began to think more about Growtown than she did about Simmsby, and to be far more alive to its interests.

"If they don't carry the railroads through, I've lost my money," she decided one day with more sorrow than anger. The Honorable Simeon Streeter had written her an answer to a long-deferred and tremblingly put forth letter of inquiry, and assured her that Growtown had the best outlook of any Western town of its size and age, and repeated its history as if he were copying a *Bugle* leader. But he had folded up a portion of his discouraged personal atmosphere in the sheet of letter-paper, and Miss Fellows was affected by it even while she read his valiant words. The ratio of increase of Growtown's population to its four years of age and the ratio of New York's growth since the time of Hendrik Hudson was one thing, but the painfully saved five hundred dollars of Miss Prudence Fellows was quite another; and there she had let it go out of hand as if it had slipped through her fingers into the depths of Simmsby Pond.

But Growtown was bound to grow, to quote the words of the *Bugle*. The railroads came through. No more staging across to the unpleasant rival town of Dublin; no more flings and slurs at mistaken enterprise. The citizens held their heads very high, and took occasion to visit their neighbors. Dublin itself was left out in the cold, after all. To be sure, it was the outlet of a grain region, but it was on a branch of a feeble railroad that was bound to go under before the new trunk lines. Growtown real estate went up, and the citizens grew rich in the night, as the trees crowd out new leaves in early summer. Nothing succeeds like success; and besides the railroads themselves, with their demand for land, for tenements, for men, strangers appeared daily with plans for the building of manufactories, and for shopkeeping and money-spending and money-making of every sort. The Honorable Simeon Streeter hardly allowed himself time to eat or sleep. He employed a clerk. He was a rich man, and his name was known to Boston and New York banking firms. And he had not lathed and plastered his new house simply because he meant to let somebody else do that now, and build himself the best house in that side of Kansas if his money rolled up like this. Everybody knows how a Western town can spread itself out when it once gets started, and this one was a marvel to every looker-on.

There was a system of graded schools with popular teachers; before another year went over there were Mayor and Aldermen and Councilmen and all the officials that the young city needed. The *Bugle* became a daily, and had three rivals into the bargain. Yet all the money was so busy making more money that there were strange traces of neglect, and most things were half finished, and Growtown looked as if it had just stepped out of the mortar box. The new rows of houses looked as if they were not the expression of individual taste, but had been bought and sold by the dozen. And away up in Simmsby, Massachusetts, Miss Prudence Fellows's head was in a whirl. She considered herself the ablest business woman in America.

When Mr. Streeter's letter had come conveying to her the first intimation of her rise of fortune she had been incredulous, and even accused him of trying to get more money out of her. Then he had quickly advised her not to respond favorably to the first offer of the railroads, both of which would be likely to want her lots. Miss Prudence was terrified by telegrams, and saddened because every one had to be brought from East Simmsby, and cost seventy-five cents for delivery. Yet after three in one day she sold her lots for four thousand dollars, and bought some others, also likely to rise immensely in value.

Sim Streeter was most good-natured, and took great pains with the old lady's little fortune. He felt as if he showed gratitude in this way for his own prosperity, and fancied Miss Prudence a gentle old creature who had shown a touching confidence in his integrity. That five hundred dollars had tided him over the hardest bit of sailing since he came to Growtown. He might have had to sacrifice all this success if she had not sent the draft just as she did, and he would keep her money moving as long as he saw the chances.

Prudence returned the first check that came, with orders that all her money should be reinvested. She could live for the present on her own property at home, as she always had. She held her head as high as she could, and yet she had always seemed consequential to her acquaintances. She could safely trust to the secrecy of the telegraph, and she always had kept the Growtown *Bugle* out of sight. Even the deacon, who took honest pains with her money, and who sometimes wondered if she could have possibly given away that five hundred dollars to the missionaries—even the deacon did not know that she was, from the Simmsby point of view, a rich woman. Her five hundred dollars had grown like a green bay-tree. She did not think it was worth while to send the next five hundred after it, but offered it, out of compassion and equity, for investment in the spool factory, which had exceeded all hopes, and paid eight per cent., as the deacon avowed at the last annual meeting. She thought it would be just as well to have it near home, but she regretted her short-sightedness more than once, as her investments were reported from Growtown.

The deacon was almost the only person who befriended Miss Fellows to any great extent. She was such a stingy creature that all her neighbors lost patience with her. There were some people who were always telling stories about her last piece of meanness. And what if they had known that she had so much money besides her comfortable village house and interest money coming in? She gave very little to the minister's salary, and didn't pay that till the last day of grace. She economized in her living expenses until she fairly went hungry; the expense of the telegrams that repeated the tale of her gains was balanced by some piece of economy. She used, before she invested in Growtown real estate, to employ a widow woman whose poor little house stood at the end of her own standing-grass garden, and the small wage had been greatly counted on by this Mrs. Peck, who was struggling hard to bring up her three children. Now Miss Prudence did all her work herself, but she sometimes watched for little Lizzie Peck to go by. She could not help liking the child, and found it hard once in a while not to be generous and good to her. The little thing had such sweet, wistful eyes, and an eager way of looking at you, and of speaking with a voice that gave one a thrill of affection for her. Miss Prudence said to herself that she meant to let that money grow awhile longer, and since affairs must take a turn downward some time, she would wait and sell out then, and salt her money down in Boston, and get the good of the interest every year. She would take dear little Lizzie Peck and send her to school off somewhere, and do well by her. There was plenty of time yet, though.

Miss Fellows had come to feel a great interest in Simeon Streeter, Junior, for his father's sake. He was now and then spoken of in the *Bugle*, on his father's account, of course, but she had learned from the *Bugle* that "Simmie" had got into trousers, and that he was the best speaker in school, and that he had come off victor in a spelling match, and much else that was of importance to the public. One day she read in the personal column of her newspaper that "the son of our leading citizen, Mayor Streeter, had been heard on Metropolis Street begging his generous parent for a bicycle, and in all probability we should soon see the promising lad wheeling swiftly by our inky windows."

Miss Prudence was fired by a sudden resolve. She didn't care what it cost, she meant to give that bicycle herself. It would please Mayor Streeter, and would be a very proper thing. And she wrote a telegram to be sent from East Simmsby by the stage-driver that very afternoon. Whether she found it pleasant to do a kindness, or whether it was that the gratified father soon increased again the profits of those lucky lots, nobody can say, but, regardless of his suitable percentages, she sent the boy a little present of money at New-Year time, though she did nothing for anybody in Simmsby.

Somehow it was a great deal easier to give away money when it did not go through her own hands. She tried hard one day to give Lizzie Peck five cents for herself when she brought back the change after doing an errand, but she thought they would look for it every time. "I'll do enough for her by-and-by to make up," said Miss Prudence, consoling herself for the attacks of her conscience as she watched the pale child go away. The mother was ailing just then, but when somebody ventured to tell her nearest neighbor that it was from overwork, Miss Prudence felt angry, and insisted that she was a complaining creature, that Mrs. Peck, and shiftless. Why shouldn't she get along as well as anybody? She paid Deacon Burrow hardly any rent.

Growtown was much excited a little later than this about building an opera-house, and the *Bugle*, ever public-spirited, urged everybody who had shared in the city's prosperity to be generous. They wanted a fitting place for the great American orators to come and speak in, and the next year was to see another Presidential campaign. Soon they might expect the best dramatic talent and the stars of the musical world. Why should they deny themselves all this because their public halls only accommodated third-class entertainment? Then the adjacent country as well as Growtown itself demanded suitable recreation after honest toil; their children needed dramatic education.

It was a truly eloquent appeal, and when Mayor Streeter wrote a kind personal note and complimented Miss Fellows by saying that she little knew how well her name was known in Growtown as one of the earliest and most generous upholders of the young city's prosperity, she responded by assenting to the large stock subscription he advised. "I declare if I don't mean to go out there one of these days," she said, for perhaps the twentieth time. It pleased her very much to be called an honorary citizen of Growtown by Mayor Streeter. She grew warm with pleasure as she thought that none of her neighbors knew what a reputation she had out West. She was half frightened with a thought that the *Bugle* would credit her with her generous gift before many days, and yet it was not likely that anybody in Simmsby would see it. "I s'pose plenty of 'em thinks I am close," she thought, "but there ain't one of 'em would do what I've done and think light of it." Yet the pale face of the little Peck girl came strangely into her mind. "All in good time," thought Prudence again, "I'm going to do well by Lizzie."

There came a time of rainy weather, and Miss Fellows sat alone in her damp sitting-room, too much shaded by the maples outside. It did not seem worth while to light the fire, so she got cold, and nobody happened to come in, and she was quite lonely for once in her life, and took her only pleasure in thinking that by-and-by she would get her money all back from out West, and then how she would surprise folks by doing for the parish and fixing up her house, and perhaps she might adopt Lizzie Peck out and out.

There seemed to be a good many people going by, and at last Prudence, not being without curiosity, wrapped herself in a shawl, and was just going to stand in the doorway for the sake of speaking to somebody, when a bonnet passed by the side window.

The neighbor came in, looking excited. "I want to know if you've been sick?" she asked. "Everybody's been wonderin' where you was. You *do* look kind of peaked. Been livin' on nothin' but dandelion greens, I s'pose," she added to herself.

"What's the matter up this way?" asked Miss Prudence, with a sad sense of discomfort.

"Why, to think you haven't heard, living nearest of anybody! Well, poor Mis' Peck's been at death's door for two days, and poor little Lizzie's just gone—died with lung fever. Nobody knew how awfully poor they were; they hid it long's they could, and the doctor said Lizzie might ha' pulled through only she's been good 's starved."

"Lizzie?" said Miss Prudence, faintly; "little Lizzie, that I thought I— Get me a drink of water; I feel kind of dizzy."

Miss Prudence Fellows sank to the floor, and there she lay. Her neighbors had starved within the sound of her voice, while she made money and took thought of those at a distance. She never had felt so poor in her life as when she came to herself again.

HEART'S-EASE.

I bought her some pansies, and she in return
  Gave me a small daisy of gold,
Which I was to wear, until she should declare
  My pansies were withered and old.

I still keep the daisy—the gold Marguerite—
  While Time, ah! too swiftly it flies.
But she has not said that my pansies were dead:
  They may ever live in her eyes.

Flavel Scott Minks.

BORDER TROUBLES.

The captive Apache chief Geronimo is reported as saying that he left the reservation and went on the war-path because he had been imposed upon and robbed by white people, and that he had been accused of crimes which were in reality committed by Mexicans. The wily old chief has lost none of the cunning which enabled him to baffle his pursuers so long, and he makes these statements in the hope that he may yet be returned to his old stamping-grounds in Arizona. The writer of this not only passed through the final campaign against the Apaches, but was present at the surrender of Geronimo, and took down word for word what the crafty old chief had to say.

The facts are that Geronimo made his first overtures of surrender only when he had been fairly run down by Captain Henry Lawton's troop of the Fourth Cavalry, and had failed in all of his artifices to elude pursuit. He had been followed day and night by the troop, through mountain passes and over plains, a distance of more than 3000 miles, and when overtaken on the banks of the Bavispe River, in Sonora, his band was worn out and destitute, and had no alternative before them but to surrender or fight. On Wednesday, August 25, 1886, the renegade chief came into Captain Lawton's camp and proposed to surrender, and on the Friday following a long talk took place, in the course of which he related all of his real and imaginary wrongs. He then said that he left the reservation because Chatto, another Apache chief, wanted to kill him, and that Mickey Free, a half-breed, was helping him. He told in his own poetic language how he regretted leaving his home, for he said when he took his departure "his flocks were multiplying, his herds increasing, and his fields of young corn were green." The greatest grievance which he had against the whites was that General Crook had refused to let him keep the cattle which had been stolen in Mexico on a previous raid. He dwelt upon this at great length, and seemed to think it a great hardship that he was not allowed to keep the cattle after his band had been to the trouble of killing several hundred Mexicans, and making a long drive from the interior of Sonora. The time to which Geronimo referred was when he met General Crook in the Sierra Madre Mountains in 1884, and promised to come into San Barnardino ranch at once and surrender. Instead of this he made a raid through Sonora lasting nearly two months, and when he did come in it was with several hundred head of Mexican horses and cattle. It was a picturesque sight when this savage horde came over the mountain pass leading down to San Barnardino, riding at full speed, and driving the stolen horses and cattle before them. They had sent in runners informing General Crook of their coming, but their whooping and yelling could be heard long before they came in sight over the summit of the divide. The cattle driven in on this occasion were confiscated by General Crook, and this is the great robbery of which Geronimo had to complain.

People in the East have very little idea how much our Mexican neighbors have suffered on account of these Apache raids, and how unjustly they have been dealt with by our own government. Now that there are some $200,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico, and a great effort is being made to establish the most friendly relations between the two republics, these border troubles should be understood, and the same justice accorded Mexicans which our government asks for its own citizens. At the present time the Department of State at Washington is being urged to press the claims for damages which have been presented against the Mexican government by the family of the California mining man Baldwin, who was murdered by the noted bandit Bernal in the mountains of Durango. If Mexico admits the justice of this claim, which is supported by our Minister at the city of Mexico, she can upon equally good grounds present claims against the American government for indemnity on account of the Mexican subjects who have been murdered on American soil by Geronimo and his band. It is true that Mr. Baldwin was a highly respected and prominent man, while the Mexicans who have been killed in the mountains of Arizona and New Mexico were generally poor, ignorant, and unknown; but the principles of justice which would apply in the one case would be equally binding in the others. Not only have many Mexican subjects been murdered by Apaches, but many hundred head of cattle have been driven out of Sonora and Chihuahua for which the owners never received one cent in return. A review of the closing scenes of the last Apache war will illustrate this fact, and what happened at that time was but the oft-repeated experience of former years.

When Captain Lawton left Fort Huachuca in May, 1886, to take Geronimo's trail, he had with his command some thirty Indian scouts, all of whom started out on foot. The pursuit had not continued long when the hostile camp was surprised, and all of their horses and camp outfit captured. This captured property the scouts claimed, as had been the custom in the past, and after a second surprise had occurred every one of the Indians who had started out on foot was in possession of a horse and saddle, all of which had been taken originally from Mexicans. In July the first company of scouts were sent in, and thirty-two new ones took their places. Again the hostile camp was surprised, and again their stolen property fell into the hands of the scouts. Captain Lawton was always in favor of returning captured property to the Mexicans to whom it belonged, but was unable to do anything, owing to the long-established custom to the contrary. On one occasion some Mexicans in the district of Saneripi identified the brands on the horses, but the Indian scouts refused to give them up. In the closing scenes of the campaign, when Geronimo came into Fort Bowie on the morning of September 4, 1886, his band had some fifty horses, stolen in the district of Ures, which were turned into the government corral. The Indians left the next day for Florida, but were stopped in San Antonio, Texas, and when the writer returned to Bowie, after the lapse of some two weeks, he found that all of the horses had been sold.

It has been the invariable custom to consider stock taken from hostile Indians as captured property, and, as already stated, it sometimes passes into the hands of the Indian scouts, and is carried back to their reservations, and at other times is sold by the government, but in no instance is it ever returned to the rightful Mexican owners.

The Mexicans have good cause to complain of the failure of our government to protect their citizens, and there are even instances of Mexicans being killed in Sonora by Indian scouts while in the service of the United States and wearing the army uniform. The truth of this is vouched for, not only by many Mexicans, but by Americans resident in Sonora. In one instance Mr. George Woodward, a well-to-do miner of Huasabas, came upon three of Captain Crawford's scouts in the mountains, and they tried to kill him; but he, being an old frontiersman, knew how to protect himself, and after a long fight succeeded in killing one Indian and wounding the other two. There are many other cases equally well authenticated, which show that the Apache scouts committed depredations while in the service of our government. At the time the gallant Captain Emmit Crawford was killed by Mexican troops a cry of "Mexican outrage" was raised all over the country; but the facts are that the scouts and hostiles were encamped so close together that it was impossible for the Mexicans to distinguish them, and from the evidence of the two or three white men who were in the fight it is almost certain that Geronimo's band joined in the battle, and helped the scouts to drive off the Mexicans. The Apache scouts were always treacherous, and when General Miles replaced the Chiricahua scouts with White Mountain and San Carlos Indians it was a step in the right direction; but even these were not to be depended upon, and Lawton's success was due in a measure to the fact that he mistrusted his Indian scouts and relied upon his own troops to do the work.

The treacherous character of the Apache Indian is strikingly illustrated by the recent outbreak at the San Carlos agency. The Indians interested are some of the very same ones who served as scouts with the American troops in pursuit of Geronimo and his band. They were well treated, well paid, and well fed, but their love for excitement and bloodshed is so great that they have been unable to remain quietly on the reservation, and now that they have no more Chiricahuas to fight, have gone on a raid of their own. Official reports show that several friendly Indians have already been killed, and the Arizona papers state positively that ten Indians have left the reservation, and have not been overtaken by the troops in pursuit. The probabilities are that they have gone south, heading for their old stamping-grounds in Sonora. If such is the case, their raid will certainly be one of the bloodiest in modern times, for the mountains are full of Americans and Mexicans, who are in utter ignorance of any Indian trouble.

If in the present raid Mexican citizens are killed and their property destroyed, the American government will be more to blame than on any former occasion, for the southwestern frontier has been left without the protection which ordinary caution would have suggested. When Geronimo was captured the pack trains in the Territory were sent to the Northwest. The white and Indian scouts were discharged, with the exception of two companies for Arizona and New Mexico, and all of the heliograph stations were discontinued. According to reliable reports, the troops in the Territory were practically stripped of the means for following the Indians in case of an outbreak, and that such is really the case at this time is indicated by the urgent request of General Miles to the department to furnish cavalry horses which are needed without delay. The troops may succeed in putting down the present outbreak before the Indians cross the border, but the fact that two weeks have passed since they first became unruly, and that they have not yet been taken, points to a prolonged raid. It is known that there are at least ten Indians in the party, well mounted and well armed, and even if a larger number does not go on the war-path, this band is strong enough to inflict untold loss of life and property on the unprotected and unsuspecting settlers of Arizona, and their even more unfortunate neighbors on the other side of the border.

William M. Edwardy.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Probably no one piece of country contains so many small lakes, ponds, and rivers as Maine. As a matter of fact a map of the State shows that water constitutes no inconsiderable portion of its area. Instead of being comparatively isolated, they are close together, connected by small streams or wide arms, and the lakes are feeders of the Penobscot River on the east and the Kennebec River on the west. Moosehead Lake is near the centre of the State. It is the largest of the lakes, about thirty-six or thirty-eight miles long, and say fifteen miles wide at the widest point. Greenville, at the foot of the lake, is the last station on the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad. From there the passengers are taken by the steamer *Governor Coburn* to Mount Kineo, passing between Deer and Sugar islands on the way. On Deer Island there is a hotel for summer boarders. Far to the eastward, some forty miles, the peak of Mount Katahdin looms up six thousand feet.

The question which a stranger naturally asks is, What is there to do at Moosehead Lake? "When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do," is a trite saying quite pertinent to the visitors at watering-places and summer resorts. Unless a man can make up his mind to forego lounging on the piazza in a tennis blazer and being amused by others, or spending his time in the billiard-room, he had better not go to Moosehead Lake. One who does not paddle, fish, or walk is lacking in the fellowship of the elect. It is only when a man or woman has performed a certain amount of physical exertion, enough to tire one, that he can tell his own stories of experience or enjoy those of others. Because a man carries a rifle like a Gatling gun, and has succeeded in upsetting his canoe and guide, he is not necessarily a sportsman, but the possession of such articles and the occurrence of such events do put him in prime condition to relate stories of his prowess. The audience at Mount Kineo has one advantage—it is sympathetic.

For boating there is abundant opportunity, and if you do not care to paddle or row, the steamboats will take out parties for a moderate sum. Brassua Lake, directly opposite Mount Kineo, is a pleasant sail, made picturesque by the rapids of Moose River, which connects the lake with Moosehead Lake. The fishing here is very good, and if you spend a day at it, try Little Brassua Lake, two or three miles beyond its larger sister. Socatean River, eight miles from Mount Kineo, is reached by crossing the lake past Farm Island. This is one of the most popular excursions. Four miles from the mouth of the river are the Socatean Falls, and they are well worth seeing.

Other points of interest are nearer yet. Cowan's Cove is only about three miles from the hotel, is much frequented for excursions, and the fishing in the cove is good. The West Outlet, as it is called, is about two miles from the hotel. The lake here forms a small bay, the entrance to which is very narrow, but within is an excellent land-locked harbor, where the fishing is good. The water never freezes at the shallow entrance to the harbor, and the steam-boats make the bay their winter-quarters. The Moody Islands and Kineo Bay are also close at hand. It is almost impossible to go into details of how many places one can visit—innumerable islands and rivers which can be seen in daily excursions.

Then there are the mountains to climb. The Spencer Mountains are about a mile away, and afford ample opportunity for climbing, with little hope, however, of reaching the summit. Mount Kineo, although overlooking the hotel, is in reality almost a mile distant, but easy of ascent. Every one climbs Mount Kineo at some time or other. The path up the mountain starts from the gravelly beach at the foot of the mountain, and the summit can be reached in about an hour. The view is a magnificent one, and very impressive. Before you stretches the lake for miles, broken into bays, and its surface indented with numerous islands. Here and there the sunlight strikes on the waters of the smaller lakes to the west, south, or east. The Spencer Mountains are close at hand, and old Katahdin is seen in the distance. Below, the country as far as the eye can see is covered with a thick forest.

If one has two or three weeks' time to spend, or more, the interesting places which can be visited are almost without number. Indian Pond, Spencer Lake, Lobster Lake, Tombegan Stream, Ragged Lake, Chesuncook Lake, Caribou Lake, Roach Pond—these names mean nothing on paper, but they are all points made interesting by their merits of landscape view, special fishing attractions, or, if nothing else, as objective points for trips by water. These and points beyond back in the wilderness of woods are sought for by the campers out. They are the visitors to Moosehead Lake who receive the largest dividends on their investments.

In charge of a good guide, who will furnish everything but provisions, a party may have unlimited enjoyment camping out in the Maine woods, and the number of people who do this is each year increasing. One party of artists from New York make a yearly trip to the lake to camp out.

Much has been said about the hunting at Moosehead Lake, both pro and con. There is good partridge shooting in September or October. Caribou and bear, while not so plenty as they used to be, may still be had in season, if one will devote sufficient time to their hunting, and go far enough into the country to find them.

THE CORN.

By EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

While Walter goes to plant his corn,
Says Mina to the fair May morn,
  "How tall and strong and blithe is he!
O may the fertile grains of gold
Yield him twice a hundredfold,
  For he is all the world to me!"

The morning breeze is fresh and strong;
The corn-bird sings his planting song;
  The robin answers from the hill;
But not a note does Mina hear
Of all the music far and near,
  Save Walter's whistle, sweet and shrill.

His prairie farm is new and wide,
But he has naught on earth beside,
  And in a tiny hut he dwells;
And so, except in smiles and sighs,
And gentle deeds and wistful eyes,
  His love for her he never tells.

But if the year should go aright,
Nor drought nor hail the corn should blight,
  What happy wonders then might be!
So saith the maid, "O grains of gold,
Yield him twice a hundredfold,
  For he is all the world to me!"

* * *

While Walter goes to husk his corn
He smiles upon the frosty morn,
  For Mina, smiling, sits beside.
Since first the stalks in summer spread
Their rank green blades above her head
  He claims a precious promised bride.

The spot is chosen where shall stand
The cottage, oft and gravely planned
  In summer noons and Sabbath eves,
And trees are named to shade the day,
And charm the twilight hours away
  With mystic murmurs of their leaves.

"Dear girl," he says, "before we knew
What hail or drought or frost might do,
  Our happy goal seemed far away;
But now, so blest our fields have been
That when the last great load comes in,
  Oh, then should be our wedding day!"

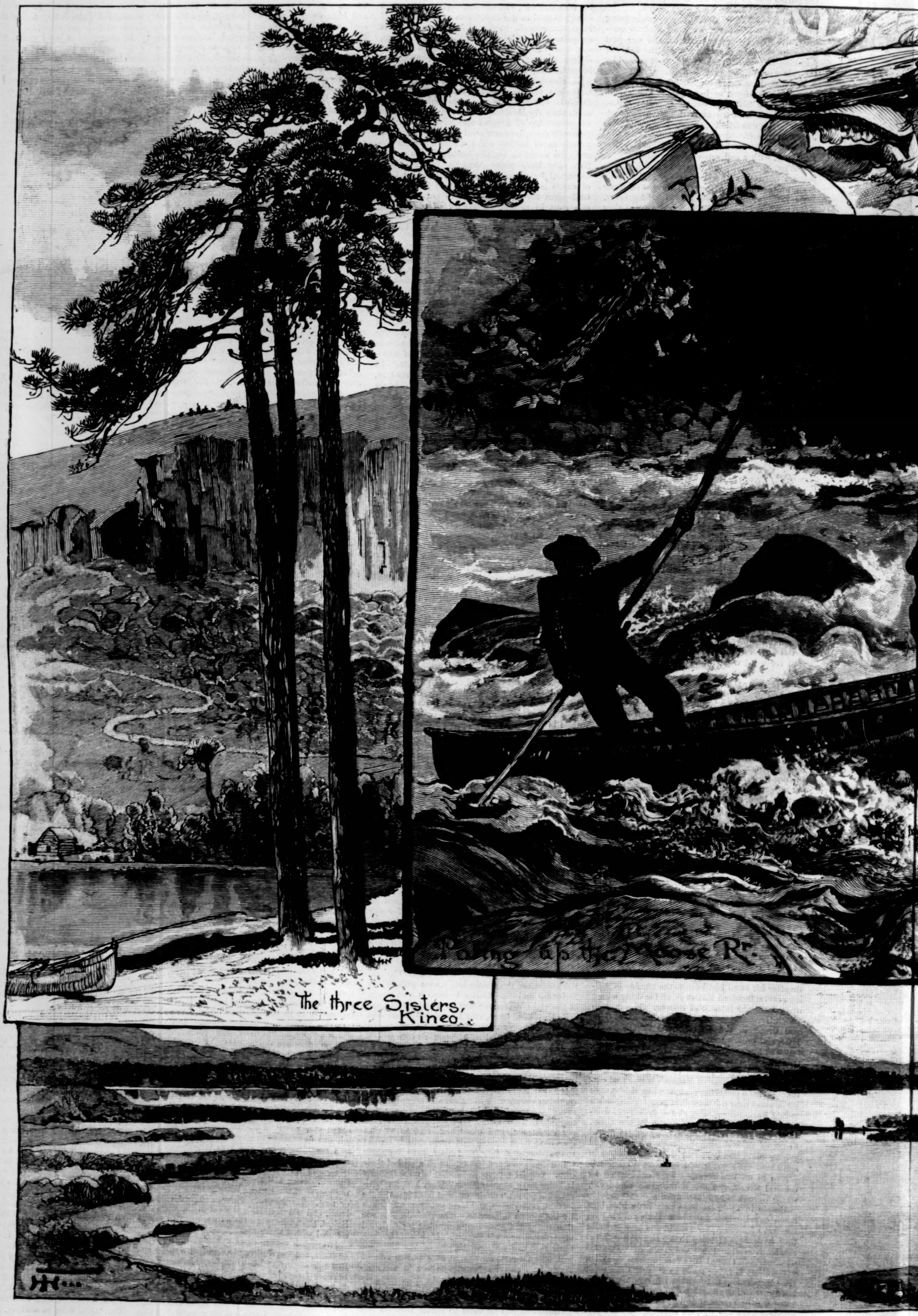
And Mina answers soft and low;
She husks with him the first long row,
  The sweet, sere blades above her head;
And if he stops her here and there,
The corn itself gives license fair,
  For more than once the ear is red.

THE BLAINE RECEPTION.

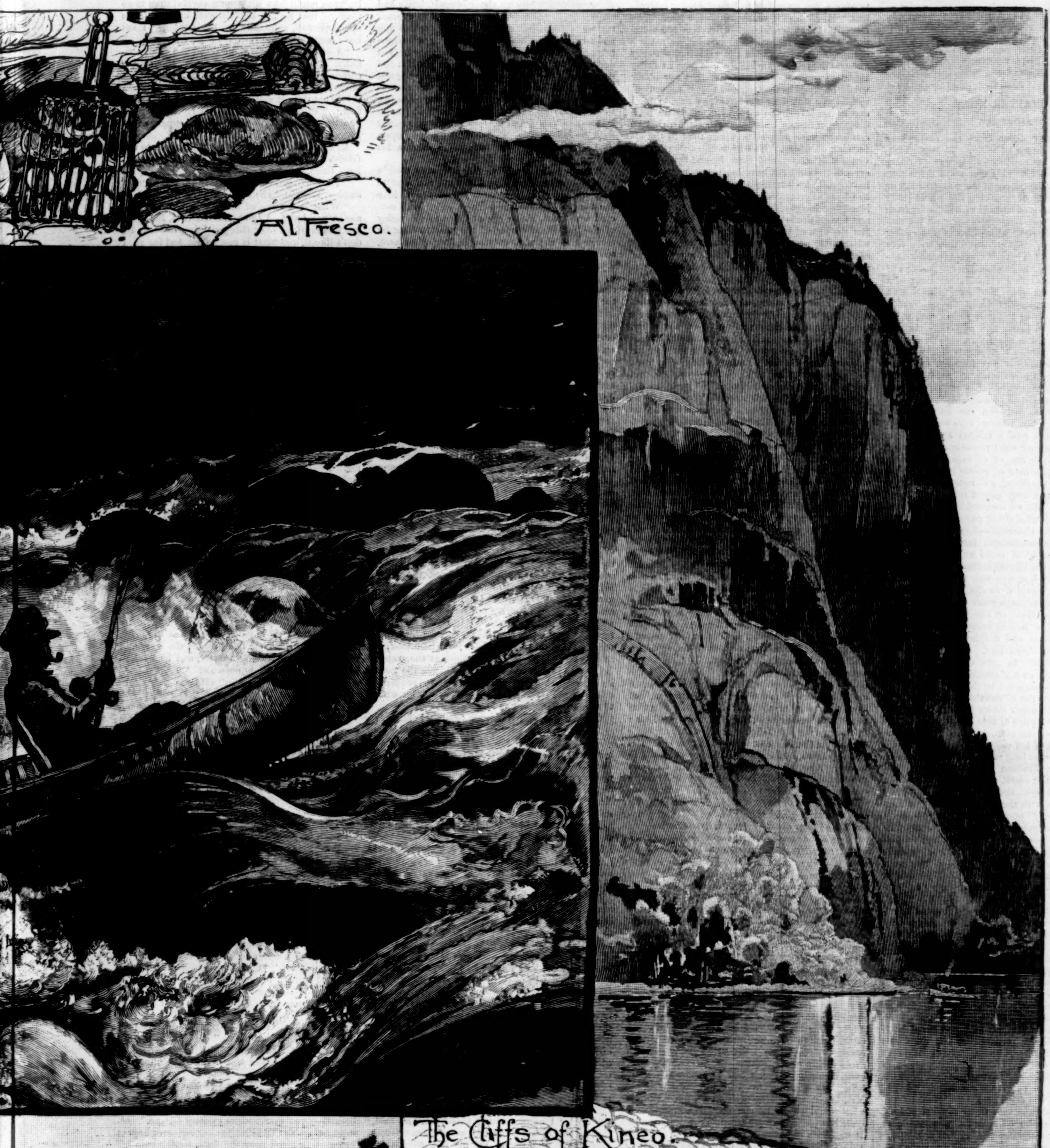
The dreary ordeal of waiting for an overdue steamer was valiantly borne by the admirers of Mr. Blaine for the space of two whole days before his arrival, on the new steam-ship *City of New York*, on the morning of August 10th. The delay materially interfered with the projected order of the double reception, since, tired of waiting, and fearing the dissolution of their forces, the managers held their big parade on the evening before Mr. Blaine's arrival, without the advantage of the great man's magnetic presence. A canvass made on the steam-boat *Sloan*, chartered by the members of the Republican League, showed that twenty-nine States and three Territories had sent representatives to welcome Mr. Blaine. Probably between eight and ten thousand persons took part in the procession, which was reviewed by Mr. Morton and the sons of Mr. Blaine from the stand at Twenty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue.

When the candidate for the Vice-Presidency reached his rooms his Republican friends persisted in calling for a speech. Mr. Morton, after several minutes, went to the window and thanked the people for their good wishes and enthusiasm, and wished them good-night. Several times he walked to the window, but the crowd was not satisfied, and continued to clamor for a speech. General Barnum then approached the window and said: "You will excuse Mr. Morton; he cannot possibly address you at this late hour. Save your enthusiasm for another day, but do not abate one jot from your earnest efforts, and so sure as you continue as you have to-night, both your candidates will be elected."

The peccant *City of New York*, which caused such disappointment to the Blaine loyalists, and such annoyance to hundreds of fagged managers and journalists, was at last sighted at 1.15 o'clock on Friday morning, the 10th instant, it being the ninth morning of the voyage. She remained at Quarantine until 9 o'clock, when the *Laura M. Starin* steamed up and took off her distinguished passenger, amid the cheers and congratulations of the spectators. The *Starin*, with the reception committee on board, as well as a large delegation from the Republican Club, and many prominent invited visitors, then returned at once to the city. Carriages were in waiting, and Mr. Blaine was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel without delay and without display.


The three Sisters, Kineo.
Poling up the Moose R.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE.—Draw


Al Fresco.
The Cliffs of Kineo.
Looking south the Cliffs of Kineo.

RAWN BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 611.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT ART.

EDWARD COSSEY drove from the castle in a far from happy frame of mind. To begin with, the Squire and his condescending way of doing business irritated him very much—so much that once or twice in the course of the conversation he was within an ace of breaking the whole thing off, and only restrained himself with difficulty from so doing. As it was, notwithstanding all the sacrifices and money risks which he was undergoing to take up these mortgages—and they were very considerable even to a man of his great prospects—he felt that he had been placed in the position of a person who receives a favor rather than of a person who grants one. Moreover, there was an assumption of superiority about the old man, a visible recognition of the gulf which used to be fixed between the gentleman of family and the man of business who has grown rich by trading in money and money's worth, which was the more galling because it was founded on actual fact, and Edward Cossey knew it. All his foibles and oddities notwithstanding, it would have been impossible for any man of discernment to entertain a comparison between the half-bankrupt Squire and the young banker, who would shortly be worth between half a million and a million sterling. The former was a representative, though a somewhat erratic one, of all that is best in the old type of Englishmen of gentle blood, which is now so rapidly vanishing, and indeed of the class to which to a very large extent this country owes her greatness. His very eccentricities were wandering lights which showed unsuspected heights and depths in his character—love of country and his country's honor, respect for the religion of his fathers, loyalty of mind and valor for the right. Had he lived in other times, probably, like some of the old Boisseys who were at Honham before him, he would have died in the Crusades or at Cressy, or, perhaps more uselessly for his king, at Marston Moor, or like that last but one of the true De la Molles, kneeling in the courtyard of his castle and defying his enemies to wring his secret from him. Now no such opportunities are left to men of his stamp, and they are, perhaps as a consequence, dying out of an age which is unsuited to them, and indeed to most strong growths of individual character. In fact, it would be much easier to deal with a gentleman like the Squire of this history if we could only reach down one of those old suits of armor from the walls of his vestibule, and put it on his back, and take that long two-handled sword which last flashed on Flodden Field from its resting-place beneath the clock, and at the end see him die as a loyal knight should do, in the forefront of his retainers, with the old war-cry of "*A Delamol! a Delamol!*" upon his lips. As it is, he is an aristocratic anachronism, an entity unfitted to deal with the elements of our advanced and in some ways emasculated age. His body should have been where his heart was—in the past. What chance have such as he against the Quests of this polite era of political economy and bimetalism?

No wonder that Edward Cossey felt his inferiority to this symbol and type of the things that no more are, yes even in the shadow of his thirty thousand pounds! For here we have a different breed. Goldsmiths two centuries ago, then bankers from generation to generation, money-bees seeking for wealth and counting it and hiving it from decade to decade, till at last money became to them what honor is to the nobler stock—the pervading principle—and the clink of the guinea and the rustling of the bank-note stirred their blood as the clang of armed men and the sound of the flapping banner, with its three golden hawks flaming in the sun, was wont to set the hearts of the race of Boissey, of Dofferleigh, and of De la Molle beating to that tune to which England marched on to win the world.

It is a foolish and vain thing to scoff at business and those who do it in the market-places, and to shout out the old war-cries of our fathers in the face of a generation which sings the song of capital, or groans in heavy labor beneath the banners of their copyrighted trade-marks; and besides, who would buy our books (also copyrighted except in America) if we did? Let us rise up and clothe ourselves, and put a tall hat upon our heads, and greet the new Democracy with a big D. And yet in the depth of our hearts and the quiet of our chambers (after the gas is turned down and the ladies have gone to bed) let us sometimes cry to the old times and the old men and the old ways of thought—let us cry "*Ave atque vale*"—Hail and farewell. Our fathers' armor hangs above the door, their portraits, which, whatever else they may be, we now know are not "art," decorate the wall, and their fierce and half-tamed hearts moulder beneath the stones of yonder church. Hail and farewell to you our fathers! Perchance a man might have had worse company than he met with at your boards, and even have found it not more hard to die beneath your sword-cuts, fighting for some cause which to you at any rate appeared to be good and grand, than to be gently cozened to the grave by duly qualified practitioners at two guineas a visit.

And the upshot of all this is that the Squire was not altogether wrong when he declared in the silence of *his* chamber that Edward Cossey was not quite a gentleman. He showed it when he allowed himself to be guided by the arts of Mr. Quest into the adoption of the idea of obtaining a lien upon Ida, to be enforced if convenient. He showed it again—and what is more, he committed a huge mistake—when, tempted thereto by the opportunity of the moment, he made a conditional bargain with the said Ida, whereby she was placed in pledge for the sum of thirty thousand pounds, well knowing that her honor would be equal to the test, and that if convenient to him she would be ready to pay the debt. I say he made a huge mistake, for had he been quite a gentleman he would have known that he could not have adopted a worse road to the affections of a lady. Had he been content to advance the money, and then by-and-by—though even that would not have been gentleman-like—have gently let it transpire that what he had done had been at great personal expense and inconvenience, her imagination might have been touched, and her gratitude would surely have been excited. But the idea of bargaining, the idea of purchase, which after what had passed could never be put aside, would of necessity be fatal to any hope of tender feeling. Shylock might get his bond, but of his own act he had debarred himself from the possibility of ever getting more.

Now Edward Cossey was not lacking in that after-glow of refinement which is left behind by a course of public-school and university education. No education can make a gentleman of a man who is not a gentleman at heart, for whether his station in life be that of a ploughboy or an earl, the gentleman, like the poet, is born and not made. But it can and does, if he be of an observant nature, give him a certain insight into the habits of thought and probable course of action of the members of that class to which he outwardly, and by repute, belongs. Such an insight Edward Cossey possessed, and at the present moment its possession was troubling him very much. His trading instincts, the desire bred in him to get something for his money, had led him to make the bargain; but now that it was done, his better judgment rose up against it. For the truth may as well be told at once, although he would as yet scarcely acknowledge it to himself, Edward Cossey was already violently enamored of Ida. He was by nature a passionate man, and as it chanced, she had proved the magnet with power to draw his passion. But, as the reader is aware, there existed another complication in his life, for which he was not perhaps entirely responsible. When still quite a youth in mind, he had suddenly found himself the object of the love of a beautiful and enthralling woman, and he had, after a more or less severe struggle, yielded to the temptation, as, out of a book, many young men would have done. Now to be the object of the violent affection of such a woman as Belle Quest is no doubt very flattering, and even charming for a while. But if that affection is not returned in kind, if in short the gentleman does not love the lady quite as warmly as she loves him, then in course of time the charm is apt to vanish, and even the flattery to cease to please. Also, when as in the present case the connection is wrong in itself and universally condemned by society, the affection which can still triumph and endure on both sides must be of a very strong and lasting order. Even an unprincipled man dislikes the acting of one long lie such as an intimacy of the sort necessarily involves, and if the man happens to be rather weak than unprincipled, the dislike is apt to turn to loathing, some portion of which will certainly in time be reflected on to the partner of his ill-doing.

These are general principles, but the case of Edward Cossey offered no exception to them; indeed, it illustrated them very well. He had never been in love with Mrs. Quest, to begin with; she had shown herself too much in love with him to necessitate any display of emotion on his part. Her violent and unreasoning passion wearied and alarmed him; he never knew what she would do next, and was kept in a continual condition of anxiety and irritation as to what the morrow might bring forth. Too sure of her unaltering attachment to have any pretext for jealousy, he found it exceedingly irksome to be obliged to avoid giving cause for it on his side, which, however, he dreaded doing lest he should thereby bring about some overwhelming catastrophe. Mrs. Quest was, as he well knew, not a woman who would pause to consider consequences if once her passionate jealousy was really aroused. It was even doubtful if the certainty of her own ruin would check her. Her love was everything to her; it was her life, the thing she lived for; and rather than tamely lose it, it seemed extremely probable to Edward Cossey that she would not hesitate to face shame, or even death. Indeed, it was by means of this great passion of hers, and by its means only, that he could hope to influence her. If he could persuade her to release him by pointing out that a continuance of the intrigue must involve him in ruin of some sort, all might yet go well with him. If not, his future was a dark one.

This was the state of affairs before he became attached to Ida de la Molle, after which the horizon grew blacker than ever. At first he tried to get out of the difficulty by avoiding Ida, but it did not answer. She exercised an irresistible attraction over him. Her calm and stately presence was to him what the sight of mountain snows are to one scorched by continual heat. He was weary of passionate outbursts, tears, agonies, alarms, presentiments, and all the paraphernalia of secret love. It appeared to him, looking up at the beautiful snow, that if once he could reach it, life would be all sweetness and light—that there would be no more thirst, no more fear, and no more forced marches through those ill-odored quagmires of deceit. The more he allowed his imagination to dwell upon the picture, the fiercer grew his longing to possess it. Also, he knew well enough that to marry a woman like Ida de la Molle would be the greatest blessing that could happen to him, for she would of necessity lift him up above himself. She had no money, it was true; but that was a very minor matter to him; but she had birth and breeding and beauty, and that presence which commands homage. And so it came to pass that he fell deeply and yet more deeply in love with Ida, and that as he did so his connection with Mrs. Quest (although we have seen him but yesterday offering, in a passing fit of tenderness and remorse, to run away with her) became more and more irksome to him. And now, as he drove leisurely back to Boisingham, he felt that he had imperilled all his hopes by a rash indulgence in his trading instincts.

Presently the road he was following took a turn, and revealed a sight that did not tend to improve his already irritable mood. Just here the roadway was bordered by a deep bank covered with trees, which sloped down to the valley of the Ell, at this time of the year looking its loveliest in the soft autumn lights. And here, seated on a slope of turf beneath the shadow of a yellowing chestnut-tree, in such a position as to get a view of the green valley and flashing river, where cattle, red and white, stood chewing the still luxuriant aftermath, was none other than Ida herself, and, what was more, Ida accompanied by Colonel Quaritch. They were seated on camp-stools, and in front of each of them was an easel. Clearly they were painting together; for, even as Edward gazed, the Colonel rose, came up close behind his companion's stool, made a ring of his thumb and first finger, gazed critically through it at the lady's performance, and then sadly shook his head and made some remarks, whereupon Ida turned round and commenced an animated discussion.

"Hang me," said Edward to himself, "if she has not taken up with that confounded old military frump! Painting together! Ah, I know what that means! Well, I should have thought that if there was one man more than another whom she would have disliked, it would have been that battered-looking Colonel. He pulled up his horse and reflected for a moment, then handed the reins to his servant, jumped out, and climbing through a gap in the fence, walked up to the tree where the pair were sitting. So engrossed were they in their argument that they neither saw nor heard him.

"It's nonsense, Colonel Quaritch, perfect nonsense, if you will forgive me for saying so," Ida was saying, with warmth. "It is all very well for you to complain that my trees are a blur, and the castle nothing but a splotch; but I am looking at the water, and if I am looking at the water, it is quite impossible that I should see the trees and the cows otherwise than I have rendered them on the canvas. True art is to paint what the painter sees and as he sees it."

Colonel Quaritch shook his head and sighed.

"The cant of the impressionist school," he said, sadly; "on the contrary, the business of the artist is to paint what he knows to be there," and he gazed complacently at his own canvas, which had the appearance of a spirited drawing of a fortified place, or of the contents of a child's Noah's ark, so stiff, so solid, so formidable were its outlines, trees, and animals.

Ida shrugged her shoulders, laughed merrily, and turned round to find herself face to face with Edward Cossey. She started back, and her face hardened; then she stretched out her hand and said, "How do you do?" in her very coldest tones.

"How do you do, Miss De la Molle?" he said, assuming as unconcerned an air as he could, and bowing stiffly to Harold Quaritch, who returned the bow and went back to his canvas, which was placed a few paces off.

"I saw you painting," went on Edward Cossey, in a low tone, "so I thought I would come and tell you that I have settled that matter with Mr. De la Molle."

"Oh, indeed!" answered Ida, hitting viciously at a wasp with her paint-brush. "Well, I hope that you will find the investment a satisfactory one. And now, if you please, do not let us talk any more about money, because I am quite tired of the subject." Then raising her voice she went on, "Come here, Colonel Quaritch, and Mr. Cossey shall judge between us," and she pointed to her picture.

Edward glanced at the Colonel with no amiable air. "I know nothing about art," he said, "and I am afraid I must be getting on. Good-morning;" and taking off his hat to Ida, he turned and went.

"Umph!" said the Colonel, looking after him with a quizzical expression, "that gentleman seems rather short in his temper. Wants knocking about the world a bit, I should say. But I beg your pardon; I suppose that he is a friend of yours, Miss De la Molle?"

"He is an acquaintance of mine," answered Ida, with emphasis.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TIGER SHOWS HER CLAWS.

AFTER this very chilling reception at the hands of the object of his affection, Edward Cossey, as may be imagined, continued his drive in an even worse temper than before. He reached his rooms, had some luncheon, and then, in pursuance of a previous engagement, went over to the Oaks to see Mrs. Quest.

He found her waiting for him in the drawing-room. She was standing at the window with her hands behind her, a favorite attitude of hers. As soon as the door was shut she turned, came up to him, and grasped his hand affectionately between her own.

"It is an age since I have seen you, Edward," she said, "one whole day. Really, when I do not see you I do not live, I only exist."

He freed himself from her clasp with a quick movement. "Really, Belle," he said, impatiently, "you might be a little more careful than to go through that sort of performance in front of an open window, especially as the gardener must have seen the whole thing."

"I don't much care if he did," she said, defiantly. "What does it matter? My husband is certainly not in a position to make a fuss about other people."

"What does it matter?" he said, stamping his foot. "What does it *not* matter? If you have no care for your good name, do you suppose that I am indifferent to mine?"

Mrs. Quest opened her large violet eyes to the fullest extent, and a curious light was reflected from them.

"You have grown wonderfully careful all of a sudden, Edward," she said, meaningly.

"What is the use of being careful when you are so reckless? I tell you what it is, Belle, we are talked of all over this gossiping town, and I don't like it, and what is more, once and for all, I won't have it. If you will not be more careful, I will break with you altogether, and that is the long and short of it."

"Where have you been this morning?" she asked, in the same ominously calm voice.

"I have been to Honham Castle, on a matter of business."

"Oh, and yesterday you were there on a matter of pleasure. Now, did you happen to see Ida in the course of your business?"

"Yes," he answered, looking her full in the face, "I did see her; what about it?"

"By appointment, I suppose."

"No, not by appointment. Have you done your catechism?"

"Yes—and now I am going to preach a homily on it. I see through you perfectly, Edward. You are getting tired of me, and you want to be rid of me. I tell you plainly that you are not going the right way to work about it. No woman, especially if she be in my unfortunate position, can tamely bear to see herself discarded for another. Certainly I cannot, and I caution you, I caution you to be careful, because when I think of such a thing I am not quite myself;" and suddenly, and without the slightest warning (for her face had been hard and cold as stone), she burst into a flood of tears.

Now, Edward Cossey being but a man, was somewhat broken down at this sight. Of course he did his best to console her, though with no great results, for she was still sobbing bitterly when suddenly there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Quest turned her face toward the wall and pretended to be reading a letter, and he tried to look as unconcerned as possible.

"A telegram for you, sir," said the girl, with a sharp glance at her mistress. "The telegraph boy brought it on here, when he found that you were not at home, because he said he would be sure to find you here; and please, sir, he hopes that you will give him sixpence for bringing it round, as he thought it might be important."

Edward felt in his pocket and gave the girl a shilling, telling her to say that there was no answer. As soon as she was gone he opened the telegram and started. It was from his sister in London, and ran as follows:

"Come up to town at once. Father has had a stroke of paralysis. Shall expect you by the seven-o'clock train."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Quest, noting the alarm on his face.

"Why, my father is very ill. He has had a stroke of paralysis, and I must go to town by the next train."

"Shall you be long away?"

"I do not know. How can I tell? Good-by, Belle. I am sorry that we should have had this scene just as I am going, but I can't help it."

"Oh, Edward," she said, catching him by the arm and turning her tear-stained face up toward his own. "You are not angry with me, are you? Do not let us part in anger. How can I help being jealous when I love you so? Tell me that you do not hate me, or I shall be wretched all the time that you are away."

"No, no, of course not; but I must say that I wish that you would not make such shocking scenes. Good-by."

"Good-by," she answered as she gave him her shaking hands. "Good-by, my dear. If only you knew what I feel here"—she pointed to her breast—"you would make excuses for me." Almost before she had finished her sentence he was gone. She stood near the door, listening to his retreating footsteps till they had quite died away, and then flung herself in the chair and rested her head upon her hands. "I shall lose him," she said to herself, in the bitterness of her heart; "I know I shall. What chance have I against her? He already cares for Ida a great deal more than he does for me. In the end he will break from me and marry her some time. Oh, I had rather see him dead—and myself too!"

Half an hour later Mr. Quest came in.

"Where is Cossey?" he asked.

"Mr. Cossey's father has had a stroke of paralysis, and he has gone up to London to look after him."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quest. "Well, if the old gentleman dies, your friend will be one of the wealthiest men in England."

"Well, so much the better for him. I am sure money is a great blessing. It protects one from so much."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, with emphasis, "so much the better for him and all connected with him. Why have you been crying? Because Cossey has gone away—or have you quarrelled with him?"

"How do you know that I have been crying? If I have, it's my affair. At any rate, my tears are my own."

"Certainly they are; I do not wish to interfere with your crying; cry when you like. It will be lucky for Cossey if that old father of his dies just now, because he wants money."

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

"What does he want money for?"

"Because he has undertaken to pay off the mortgages on the Castle estates."

"Why has he done that—as an investment?"

"No; it is a rotten investment. I believe that he has done it because he is in love with Miss De la Molle, and is naturally anxious to ingratiate himself with her. Don't you know that? I thought perhaps that was what you had been crying about."

"It is not true," she answered, her lips quivering with pain.

Mr. Quest laughed gently. "I think you must have lost your power of observation, which used to be sufficiently keen. However, of course it does not matter to you. It will in many ways be a most suitable marriage, and I am sure they will make a very handsome couple."

She made no answer, and turned her back to hide the workings of her face. For a few moments her husband stood looking at her, with a gentle smile playing on his refined features. Then remarking that he must go round to the office, but would be back in time for tea, he went, reflecting with satisfaction that he had given his wife something to think about which would be scarcely to her taste.

As for Belle Quest, she waited till the door had closed, and then turned round toward it and spoke aloud, as though she were addressing her vanished husband.

"I hate you!" she said, with bitter emphasis —"I hate you! You have ruined my life, and now you torment me as though I were a lost soul. Oh, I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead!"

On reaching his office Mr. Quest found two letters for him, one of which had just arrived by the afternoon post. The first was addressed in the Squire's handwriting and signed with his big seal, and the other bore a superscription the sight of which made him turn momentarily faint. Taking up this last with a visible effort, he opened it. It ran as follows:

"Dear Bill,—No answer this morning. I hope you ain't up to any of your tricks about the tin, because I won't stand it and that's all. I told you that I had dropped all my oof—not that I had much out of you this year, only five hundred and a beggarly £20 on my birthday and what I make at the Birmingham—four pound ten a week, and hard work for that. I'm cleaned out and that's all about it. Only just now a brute of a fellow came in with a summons for rates, and I told him that my friend, that means you, Bill dear, was going to come down handsome in a day or two. He would not believe it—just as though he knew what a mean lot you were—so I told him to bundle out double-quick or I'd heave the coal-shoot at his head—and he went, you bet; but he'll be back before long with the summons. I say the coal-shoot, for there ain't no coals in it, and I can't afford any money to get a bit of fire to warm my bones with. Then there's the landlord says he'll distrain for the rent unless its paid up in double-quick time. And so the long and short of it is, that if I don't get about five hundred quid out of you in the course of next week, I'll know the reason why. And I'll just be plain with you, Bill, my old boy. If I don't see the color of that money by this day week, why, I tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to take a little country air, my complexion wants it, and I think Boisingham would suit first rate. In fact, I shall come down and pay you a visit, old boy, so perhaps you'll ask the lovely Mrs. Quest to get a room ready for me; and when I get down there, if I don't tell all the old respectables a thing or two about their beloved lawyer, and generally make them sit up and see stars, why, I ain't I. And now there's the straight tip for you from your affectionate 'Tiger.' But remember she'd always rather purr than growl. It's only when the cash don't come down that her back goes up. All a question of money, my boy, like everything else in this wicked world.

"Your beloved Edith."

By the time that Mr. Quest had finished reading this precious effusion the cold sweat was standing in beads on his forehead.

"Great heavens!" he said, "this woman will destroy me. What a devil! And she'd be as good as her word unless I found her the money. I must go up to town at once. I wonder how she got that idea into her head? It makes me shudder to think of such a thing," and he dropped his face upon his hands and groaned in the bitterness of his heart.

"It is hard," he thought to himself; "here I have for years and years been striving and toiling and laboring to become a respectable and respected member of society, and always this old folly haunts my steps and drags me down, and, by Heaven! I believe that it will destroy me after all." With a sigh he lifted his head, and taking a sheet of paper wrote on it, "I have received your letter, and will come and see you to-morrow or the next day." This letter he placed in an envelope, which he directed to the high-sounding name of Mrs. D'Aubigné, Stanley Street, Pimlico, and put it in his pocket.

Then with another sigh he took up the Squire's letter, and glanced through it. Its length was considerable, but in substance it announced his acceptance of the arrangement proposed by Mr. Edward Cossey, and requested that he would prepare the necessary deeds to be submitted to his lawyers. Mr. Quest read the letter absently enough, and threw it down with a little laugh.

"What a queer world it is," he said to himself, "and what a ludicrous side it has to it all! Here is Cossey advancing money to get a hold over Ida De la Molle, whom he means to marry if he can, and who is probably playing her own hand. Here is Belle madly in love with Cossey, who will break her heart. Here am I in love with Belle, who hates me, and playing everybody's game in order to advance my own, and become a venerated member of a society I am superior to. Here is the Squire blundering about like a walrus in a horse-pond, and fancying everything is being conducted for his sole advantage, and that all the world revolves round Honham Castle. And then here at the end of the chain is this female harpy, Edith Jones, otherwise D'Aubigné, *alias* the Tiger, gnawing at my vitals and holding my fortunes in her hand.

"Bah! it is a queer world, and full of combinations, but the worst of it is that, plot as we will, the solution of them does not rest with us—no, not with us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIFTEEN-INCH PNEUMATIC GUN.

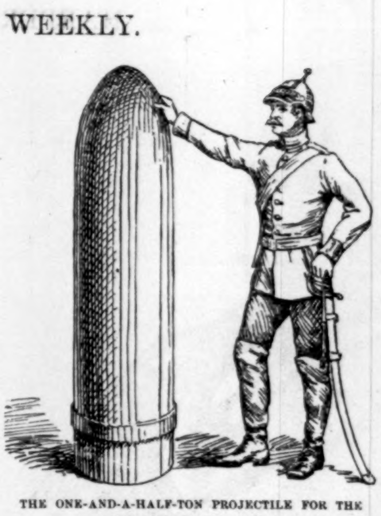
In considering the cost of a big gun, the quotation is rather difficult to get at, the basis of value being unstable. About $1000 a ton would be the figure, but, as with the diamond, the bigger the gun the more it is likely to cost. Herr Krupp will quote to a penny the price of his rails per ton, F. O. B., but has no fixed tariff for his heavy guns. It is probable that he would contract to deliver one 100-ton gun for $100,000, and if a gross of them were wanted might abate somewhat in price; only as a great gun-maker, Krupp is a monopolist. Here is, however, something which, as a fact in regard to guns, is a good deal of a damper, and it is that great guns have short lives. It is an existence limited to the number of times it is fired. The life of one of those modern great guns on shipboard is short. It may be a merry one, as far as noise goes, but every time it is discharged it weakens, until decrepitude sets in. This life limit is reached with the two-hundredth discharge, so some leading authorities state, but ordnance officers of great experience in our own service declare that this life is many rounds shorter.

The element of time is an important one. How long does it take to make a big gun? The 8-inch gun, the steel coming from various makers, and put up and finished from the rough in several shops, took us two years to complete, and an 8-inch gun is not, according to later ideas, a big gun. It is supposable that, with the requisite tools, an 8-inch gun could be made ready for use in six months—that is to say, the mechanical completion of it; but from the time the crude iron was converted into a cannon, very much more time would be required. When it comes to 15-inch guns, the time of making them would be notably increased. Great masses of metal are not handled like horseshoes, and before a gun is pronounced perfect there is an endless amount of small tinkering to be done. It would take the United States, with all its ingenuity, its labor-saving machinery, a number of years of very hard work before our ships or coast defences could be made strong enough to resist an attack from a European power.

The question naturally arises, What makes these heavy guns give out? There are two causes—erosion and disintegration. The first is constant, and rather affects the aim than the entire efficiency of the gun. The projectile flattens the grooves or effaces the rifling in the gun, and the projectile does not take the proper course. Want of accuracy is waste of powder and shot, and every useless discharge shortens the life of the gun. It is the disintegration of the gun which is the really destructive agent. It arises from the fact that we are always wanting more power for our guns. It is not choice but necessity which urges the artillerist to keep putting in more powder, in order to fire heavier projectiles having increased velocities. When a ship is plated with twenty-two inches or more of solid metal, something must be made to go through it. But in increasing the powder charge, and augmenting the pressure on the guns, we have gone very far in one way, and not so far in another. The explosive quality of certain compounds is limitless. The strength of metal, though it has been vastly improved, has narrower bounds. Such tremendous blows as are imparted to the guns by heavy loading, the metal will withstand only a certain definite number of times. We upset the natural conditions of the metal. There are molecular changes. We overtax the compound of iron and carbon, and new physical transformations take place. The metal weakens and weakens in monster guns, until the life is pounded out of them. As it has been said before, this cannot be helped. War is waste. Get that once into your mind, and the cost of a gun at $1200 or more at every discharge is of little consequence.

Not knowing how otherwise to meet the increased powers of resistance, the ordnance officer has gone on, then, making bigger guns, throwing heavier projectiles. At Alexandria one of the English ships fired from an 80-ton gun, 16-inch calibre, projectiles weighing 1700 pounds. It is not known that the projectiles hit the objects they were aimed at. Experimental shells weighing 2500 pounds have been fired, and some of 2800 pounds are to be tried. A gun at Fort Hamilton will throw a projectile weighing 1080 pounds. Some years ago the Italians at Spezzia had breech-loading Armstrong guns with a calibre of 17 inches, the shells weighing 2204 and a fraction pounds, the charge of powder being 827 pounds. Krupp's gun built some time ago, a 108-ton gun, has a shell of 2240 pounds. But Krupp believes in even bigger guns, and has now in course of manufacture a monster. The weight is to be 330,000 pounds, the calibre 17½ inches. The projectile turns the scale at 1½ tons. The *Public Service Review* calls this gun an arm showing "the mania for increased calibres in heavy ordnance."

Here are some of the details of the 110-ton Elswick gun, the biggest gun made in England up to February of last year. The length of the gun was 43 feet 8 inches. Diameter of bore, 16.25 inches; weight of projectile, 1800 pounds, with 800 pounds of powder fired in "silk cartridge bags." The muzzle velocity was 2078 feet per second; the mean pressure in tons, per square inch, 18.75. Total energy at muzzle in foot-tons, 53,927, and energy per ton of weight of gun, 490. It is believed by English ordnance officers that the elastic limit of this gun will never be reached, as its strength is estimated to withstand a pressure of 30 tons per square inch; but if this be so, and it remains to be proved, erosions in the bore take place all the same, and the efficiency of this gun is limited. Calculations made would show that the projectile of this gun at 1000 feet would have a penetration of 34 inches into wrought iron. The Krupp 119-ton gun is 2 feet 3 inches longer than the English one. General Abbott gives a capital idea of what must be the impact of one of these heavy projectiles, and he compares its action to the dropping of the Obelisk from the top of Trinity Church steeple. This distinguished ordnance officer's inference is that, under such circumstances, something or somebody would be quite likely to be hurt.


THE ONE-AND-A-HALF-TON PROJECTILE FOR THE BIGGEST KRUPP GUN.

The 15-inch pneumatic torpedo gun is now in position at Fort Lafayette. It was built for the Italian government, and its destination is probably Spezzia. The barrel is made of several sections, and is of cast-iron without brass casing. As that destructive element of shock is wanting in the pneumatic gun, there can hardly be any limit to its life; as it is a smooth-bore, the chances of erosion would be minimized. The length of the gun is 40 feet, or 32 times its calibre, which agrees with Captain Zalinski's formula. The gun stands on an iron cone, the support being nearer the breech. The gun is elevated or depressed by means of a long arm worked by a piston, to which hydraulic power is applied. To move the gun to the right or left, the cone revolves by hydraulic power. The shells, 6 feet long, are worked into the breech by a cradle by means of hydraulic power. One man has sole direction of the gun, pointing and discharging it. A pumping engine within Fort Lafayette supplies the air, which is stored in wrought-iron cylinders.

All the problems having been solved by the 8-inch gun, no difficulties were presented in the 15-inch one. It is even thought by Captain Zalinski that the larger gun having greater stability, and consequently less vibration, its accuracy is likely to be increased. It will have the same rapidity of fire as the 8-inch gun. A very noticeable point is that, as projectiles are thrown by this gun by air pressure—the power of which is accurately gauged and can be read at all times—the element of uncertainty is removed. By a mechanical device an increased or diminished impulse can be imparted to the projectile. When at extreme range, all the necessary air pressure being imparted, the elevation need not be changed for a shorter range. All that has to be done will be to give the gun less air, and then the projectile does not go so far. Many experimental shots have been made with projectiles weighing 1000 pounds, having a range of two miles. With lighter projectiles a range of nearly three miles will be obtainable.

The question might be asked, What will be the effects of the projectiles discharged from this gun, the shells being filled with 600 pounds of explosive gelatine? The answer is not forthcoming, and for the reason that no one can accurately define the action. The *Silliman*, converted into splinters by means of a shell with a very much smaller charge, gives but a faint idea of what 600 pounds of explosive gelatine would do. It can hardly be expected that the Secretary of the Navy would permit an iron-clad to be put down as a target somewhere within the range of the gun. That might apparently seem to be very expensive fooling, but still it would be a crucial experiment. As the United States may be called upon to spend many millions of dollars for heavily armored ships, if they could be cracked like egg-shells, what would be the use of it? An expert in the United States service having been asked, "What would be the effects of 600 pounds of explosive glycerine, or its equivalent, 1000 pounds of dry gun-cotton, if fired in the middle of a mass of buildings, such as would cover a block in New York city?" the reply was, "There would be no buildings." The engineer Stephenson said something like this in regard to a railway train and a cow.

We all know that air has weight. When the air under pressure is admitted to the forty-feet-long barrel of the gun, the weight is increased some 250 pounds. If all the air which could be put into the barrel were used, there would be waste of power, and even retardation. The "cut-off time," according to Captain Zalinski's theory, is when the rush of air is stopped half-way, and practice substantiates this. This force is amply sufficient to overcome the inertia of the projectile, and to give the necessary accelerating send-off. In testing the valves of this 15-inch gun ten successive shots were made, showing for each discharge an exact loss of 45 pounds. Artillerists can at once understand that it is as if they were to use a powder the weight of which was known to a grain, and the power determined to a pound. Where the new departure comes is the adaptation of an air force for the projection of shells filled with the heaviest amounts of explosive compounds. The propelling of shells containing explosive compounds in large quantities has been heretofore impossible when fired from powder guns, owing to the heat engendered and the shock. Beyond this of air as a motive power is the great novelty of exploding any kind of shell, no matter how charged, by means of electricity, and this explosion to take place at various times, whether on the land or in the water, all at the will of the artillerist.

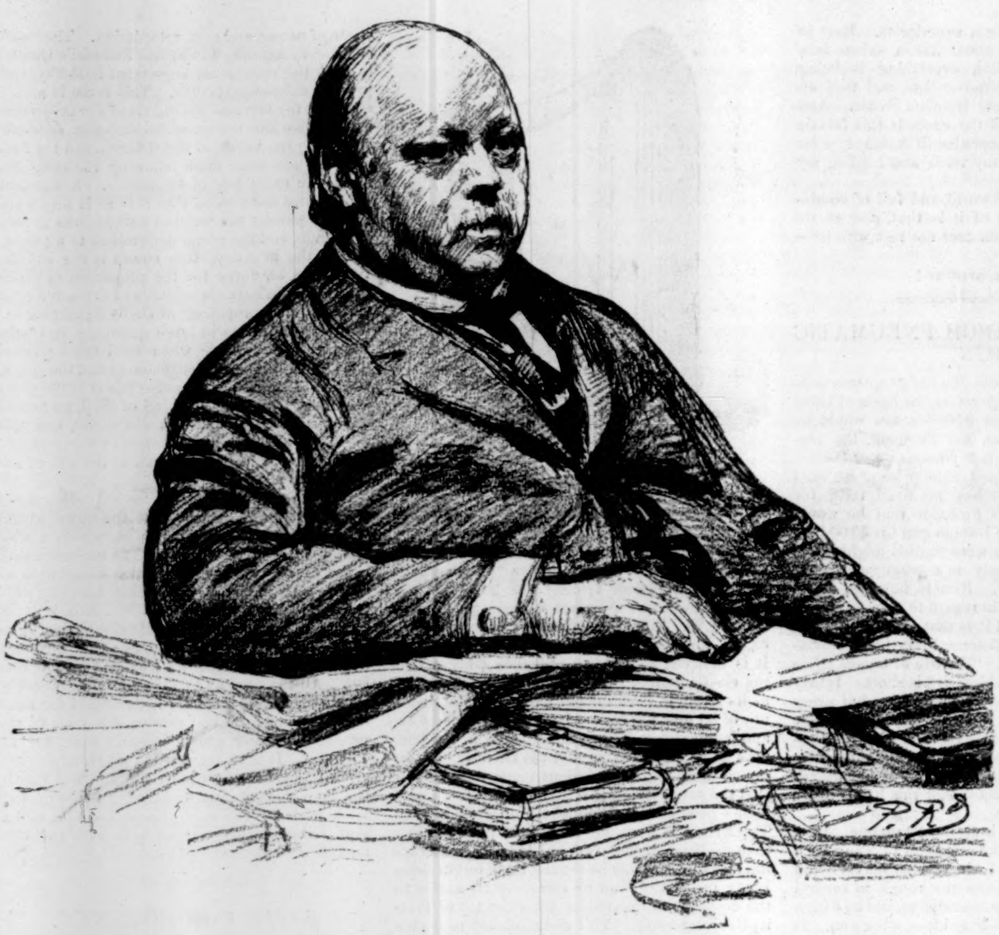
As has been before stated, the exploding shells from this gun need not strike the object aimed at. If they fall near their butt, within a wide area, the danger still exists. The explosive shell is the centre of a big circle, with destruction all along its periphery. Such a shell bursting within twenty or more feet of an iron-clad, if it did not break her iron plate, would disable her steering gear. The probabilities are that one such explosion would render an iron-clad *hors de combat*. All the pros and cons may be advanced as to whether these guns are better fitted for shore defence than for naval service, for guns of this precise character are now being built for the *Vesuvius*. It is to specialists that these subjects are left, also as to whether the gun will find its use in countermining or keeping off torpedoes. Look at it as one may, this is positive, that at Fort Lafayette there is an arm with the most terrible of destructive powers.

FOUR CONGRESSMEN.

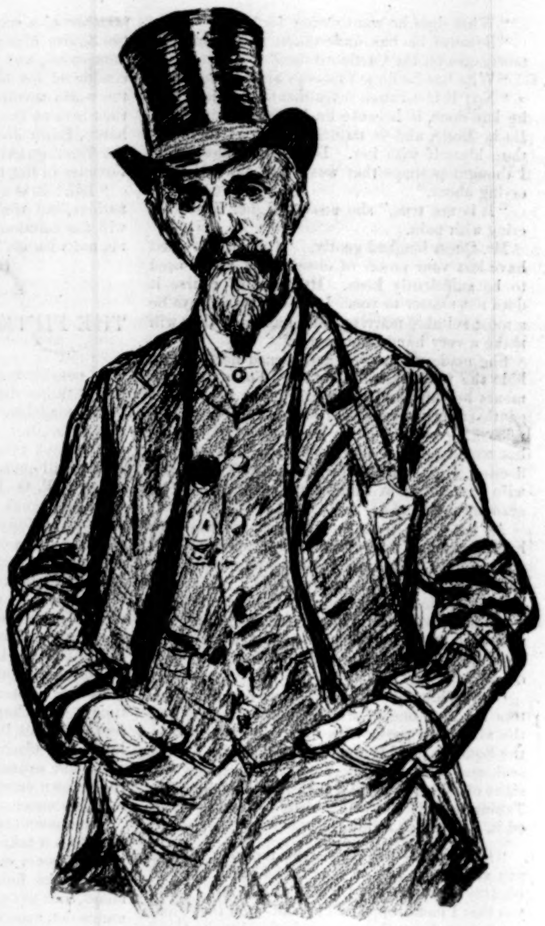
M. Renouard could hardly have selected four Congressmen who contrast more sharply with one another than those whose portraits are given in this number of the Weekly. There is Mr. S. S. Cox, with the Democracy of the metropolis and the manners of his native State of Ohio; Mr. **Thomas B. Reed**, a New England Republican of the straitest sect; Senator **Randall Lee Gibson**, a courtly representative of the old Southern Whig aristocracy, and Senator **John H. Reagan**, a thorough Texas Democrat. Here are the Democracy of the city, with its high regard for the machine and its solicitude for "the boys," the Democracy of State Rights, with its devotion to the principles of strict construction, which formerly would not only limit the federal government, but all government, to the performance of the most elementary functions; the Republicanism of the East, with its dependence upon the material aid and support which the United States have been induced to bestow upon communities and individuals; and the old Whig, who was educated for public life as conscientiously and carefully as the sons of the English nobility are fitted for the legislative duties which they are expected to perform in the House of Lords when they succeed to the title and the estates.

Senator **Reagan** is the oldest of the four. He was born in Tennessee seventy years ago next October, but he went to live in the republic of Texas when he was twenty-one years old. He was not born to public life, but having become a lawyer and moved to a new country several years before it became a State of the Union, his future life was assured. He was one of the first legislators of Texas, and was afterward a judge. He made his appearance in Congress in 1857. He went out with his State in 1861, and was first a Deputy to the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, and was Postmaster-General of the regular government from the beginning to the end of that unhappy experiment. Just at the end he was, for a few days, acting Secretary of the Treasury. When he came back into the federal government it was as a Representative in the Forty-fourth Congress, and he served in the popular branch until he was elected to the Senate, where he is beginning his first term. Throughout his public life he has been a hard, persistent fighter for old Democratic doctrines. He is limited by the hard conditions of his long experience, and he is probably the most obstinate struggler for the simplicity and frugality that were more appropriate to the circumstances of the republic forty years ago than they are to-day. He favors light taxes, but insists that the government shall spend vast sums on rivers and harbors and public buildings, and that it shall prevent the railroads from charging his constituents too much freight on their products and purchases. He is an excellent representative of the narrow-minded folk of the impoverished South, who want the United States to supply them with the comforts and luxuries which the East and North have won by their industry and thrift.

Quite a different Southerner is Mr. **Randall Lee Gibson**, who was born on an estate in Kentucky, and carried in his youth to a rich Louisiana plantation. Mr. Gibson is not so severe a constructionist of the Constitution as the junior Senator from his neighboring State, but he is a believer in State rights to some extent, except where river and harbor improvements are concerned, and there he adopts the new Southern view, and wants Louisiana to have her share. Being a sugar planter, and not having entertained the free-trade views of the old Southern leaders, he is now somewhat of a Protectionist, although the recent announcement of the Republicans that



HON. THOMAS B. REED, OF MAINE.

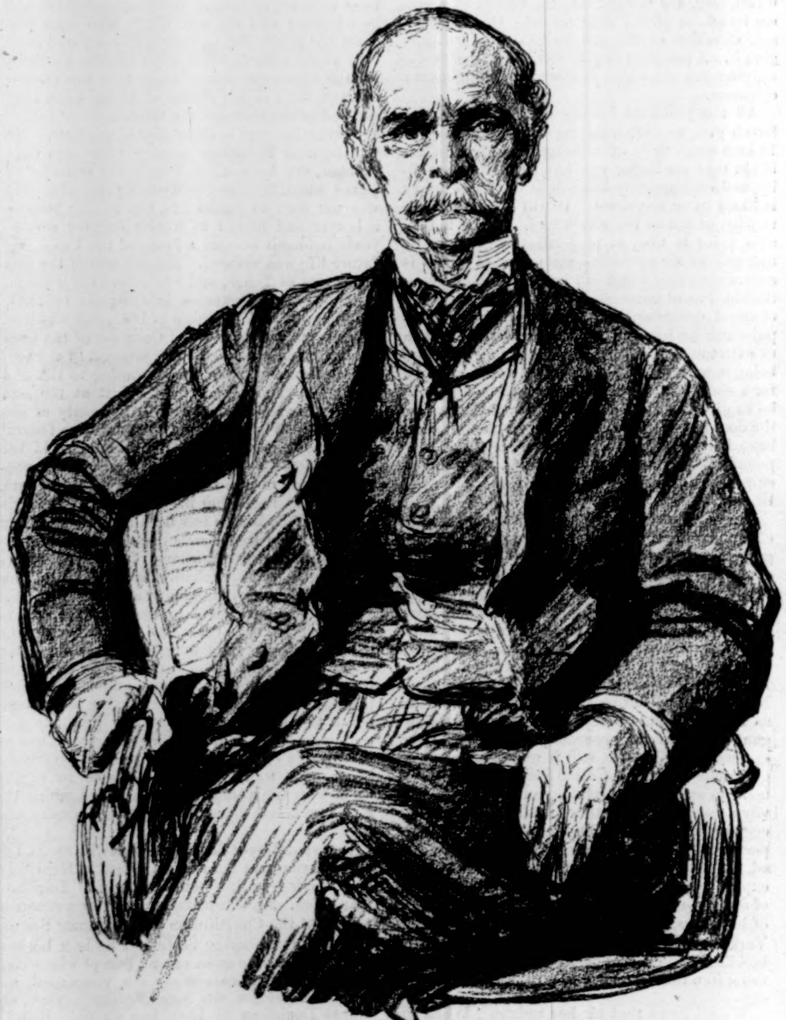


HON. S. S. COX, OF NEW YORK.

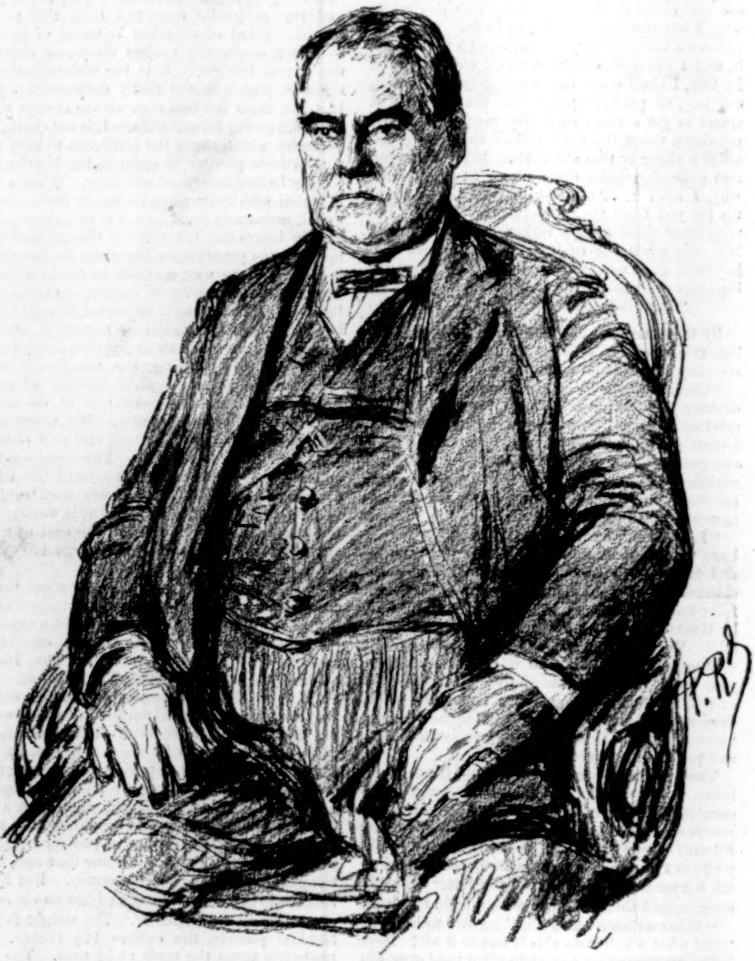
their revision of the tariff would include a decided reduction of the duties on sugar, will doubtless attach Louisiana more firmly to the solid South. Mr. Gibson is one of the most attractive gentlemen in Congress. He is well educated, thoughtful, and dignified, and, without having very marked ability, is a good legislator because he is attentive to his duties. The difference between him and the Texas Senator is partly the difference between social conditions, and is illustrated by the manner of their lives in Washington. Mr. Reagan finds luxury in an ordinary hotel; Mr. Gibson seeks contentment in a well-ordered house of his own, where he may indulge his taste for hospitality. Mr. Reagan likes to talk politics in the office of the hotel with his constituents and his fellow-Congressmen; Mr. Gibson likes to ride horseback with George Bancroft, and exchange solemn dinners with the Chief-Justice.

Mr. Cox is the volatile member of the House. He is quick, ready, nervous, and good-natured. His sharp tongue has brought out sharper answers, but no one has hurt the feelings of the New York Congressman without repenting it. Mr. Cox has lived in New York for nearly a quarter of a century, but he is not, and he cannot be, a typical citizen of the metropolis. He lacks a certain grave repose which city politicians acquire, probably from being constantly in evidence, and from the efforts they are constantly making to sustain an air of mystery which ordinarily covers cunning. Mr Cox is too frank, too honest, and too neighborly to be anything but the Ohioan that he was born to be. His efforts to look like a New-Yorker are failures, and they are somewhat undignified. His reputation for wit is unfortunate, for he ought to be widely known on account of his usefulness in Congress. The Life-saving Service, the perfection of the last Census, and the advanced condition of our Consular reports are largely due to his intelligent energy. Moreover, his speeches on the tariff and taxation have been among the best that have been delivered in Congress during the last twenty years.

Mr. Reed is the youngest of the four. He is not yet fifty. We have recently had occasion to speak of him in these columns, and there is very little to add to what was then said. His ready wit has also been detrimental to him, for it was expected that he would succeed to the leadership of his party in the House of Representatives when Mr. Garfield and Mr. Frye were elected to the Senate; but his sharp thrusts at the Democrats have made it impossible to win the favor of his opponents, which is absolutely necessary to leadership. Nevertheless, he is a strong man, and to his friends one of the most genial and accomplished of men, with a sincere love of books. Mr. Reed's favorite place in the Capitol is in a corner of the Congressional Library, where he pores over rare old editions that are hunted up for him by his friend Mr. Spofford.

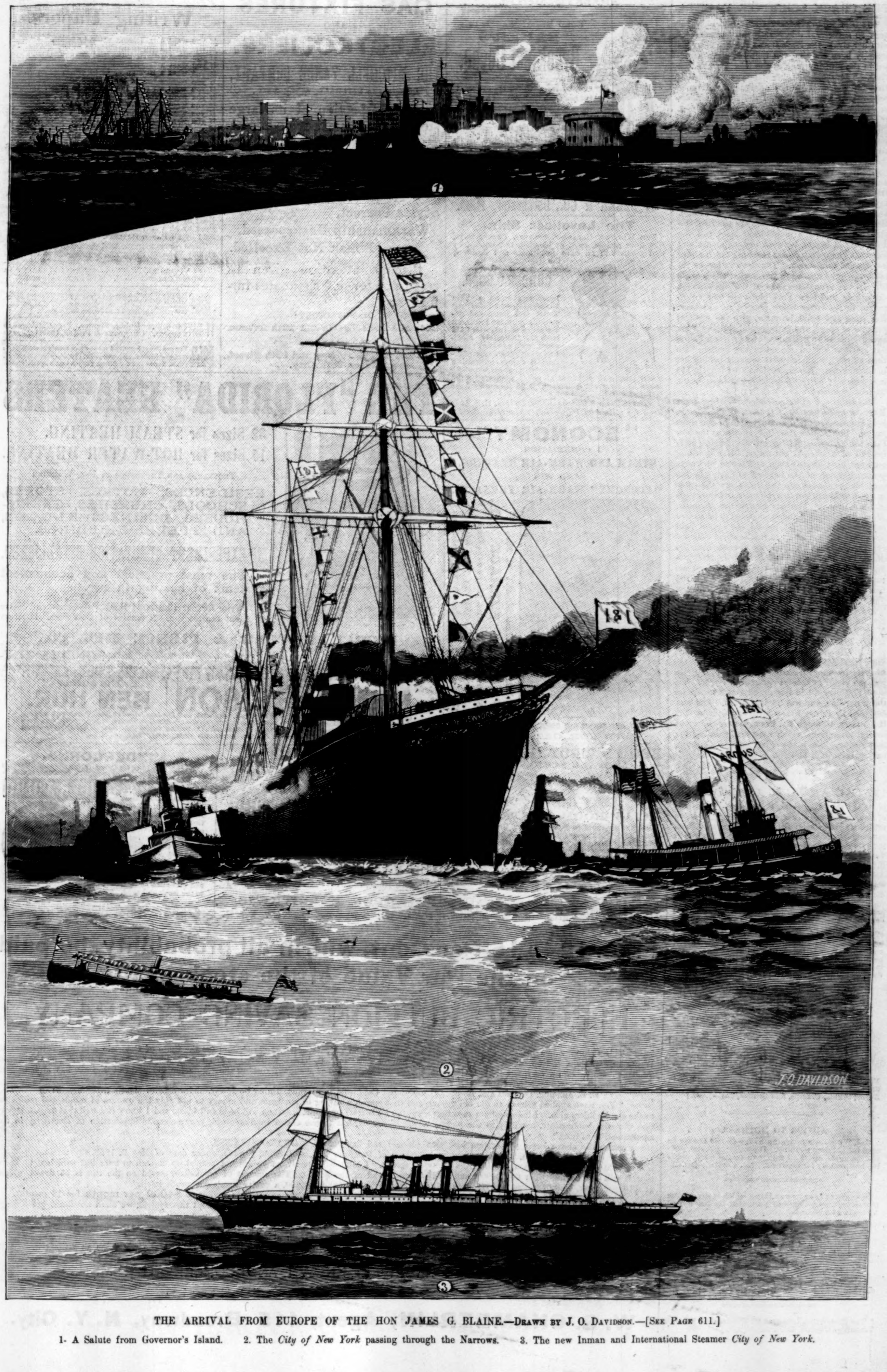


SENATOR RANDALL LEE GIBSON, OF LOUISIANA.



SENATOR JOHN H. REAGAN, OF TEXAS.

FOUR REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—Drawn by P. Renouard.—[See Page 615.]



THE ARRIVAL FROM EUROPE OF THE HON JAMES G. BLAINE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 611.]

1- A Salute from Governor's Island. 2. The *City of New York* passing through the Narrows. 3. The new Inman and International Steamer *City of New York*.

THE CRACK SCHOONER YACHTS.

THE fleet white schooner *Grayling*, which had been so successful this year in all her contests with her rivals, the *Sachem* and the *Sea Fox*, has recently been showing not quite so clean a record in the cruising runs of the New York Yacht Club. There has not been, however, sufficient discouragement in the few minutes of difference between her time and that of her two opponents to discourage her owner, Mr. LATHAM A. FISH, or any of the rest of her many admirers. The three yachts are representatives of three distinct types of naval architecture, although all are centre-board boats. The *Sea Fox*, the pride and flag-ship of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, is the result of plans designed by her owner, Commodore A. CASS CANFIELD, and executed at the yard of HARLAN & HOLLINGSWORTH, Wilmington. She is built of iron, is painted black, and has considerable freeboard. Her most apparent peculiarities are the long single-stick bowsprit, a magnificent spar, and the difference in height between her mainmast and foremast, the maintopmast reaching much above its forward companion. The *Sea Fox* has as yet not had a good chance to prove what she is made of. In the annual regattas of the Seawanhaka Corinthian and New York clubs she was unfortunate in the latter being obliged to withdraw. Her lines and build, however, give the greatest promise of speed, and in the run of the New York squadron from New London to Newport on Thursday she was a good second to the *Sachem* with time allowed, while only five seconds behind her in actual time. Her dimensions are: length, 115 feet over all; 89 feet 5 inches water-line; beam, 23 feet 10 inches.

The *Sachem*, a white schooner owned by JESSE METCALF and CHARLES D. OWENS, of Providence, is in appearance the most attractive of the three racers. She is more gracefully shaped at the bow than the *Grayling*, having an overhanging stem instead of a straight cut-water. Her speeding qualities have already been well tested, and have proved her one of the hardest to beat. In the race for the Goelet cup two years ago she came in third, although but two weeks out of the hands of the builders. She has beaten the *Miranda*, *Magic*, and *Iroquois*, and is conceded to be second only to the *Grayling*, if, indeed, she cannot hold first place against her. In the Newport citizens' cup race, August 16, 1887, the *Sachem* beat the *Magic* two minutes and twenty seconds, after giving her double time allowance, and received the cup. Her dimensions are: length over all, 105 feet; water-line, 86 feet; beam, 23 feet 6 inches. She was designed by the famous yachtsman EDWARD BURGESS, and built by GEORGE LAWLY & SON, of South Boston. Although flying the New York flag also, she is regarded as a representative of the Eastern Yacht Club.

The *Grayling* is more thoroughly identified with the Atlantic Yacht Club. She beat the *Sachem* by about twenty minutes in 1886, and was the victor in several regattas this year. She is 91 feet over all in length, 82 feet 8 inches on the water-line, and has 23 feet beam. She was designed by PHILIP ELLSWORTH, and built by C. & R. POILLON, although Mr. BURGESS took charge of several alterations which were made during the past spring. She is the oldest boat of the three, having been built in 1883.

IN THE AMUSING COMEDIETTA of "Used Up," Sir Charles Coldstream, a blasé man of fashion, is made to deprecate everything in which everybody else is supposed to take an interest, with the languid remark that "there is really nothing in it." He even extended this criticism to the crater of Vesuvius, down which he looked, but saw "nothing in it." Such characters are scarcer on this side of the Atlantic than abroad, but they exist here notwithstanding. Such men need a "fillip to nature" to medicinally stimulate their jaded appetite, overcome their lassitude, and renew the zest of existence. They and others upon whom the world's enjoyments are beginning prematurely to pall will find Hostetter's Stomach Bitters a wholesome and speedy renewal of vigor and health. Appetite returns, dyspeptic and bilious symptoms disappear, the nerves grow strong, and the hour of retirement is unfraught with apprehension of uneasy repose when this superlative tonic is employed. It remedies fever and ague, rheumatism, and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

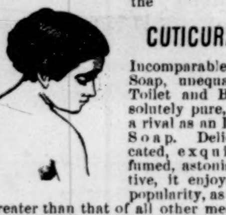
Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup***. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The Loveliest Skin.

THE WHITEST, CLEAREST, SOFTEST, PUREST SKIN, free from pimple, spot, or blemish, is produced by that greatest of all Skin Beautifiers and Purifiers, the

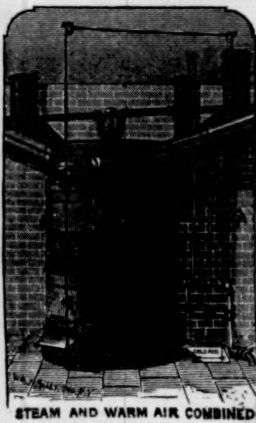


CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and Bath, and absolutely pure, and without a rival as an Infantile Skin Soap. Delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, astonishingly effective, it enjoys unheard-of popularity, as evidenced by a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.
Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

"ECONOMY"
COMBINATION
STEAM AND WARM-AIR HEATERS,
AND THE
"ECONOMY" WARM-AIR FURNACES.



STEAM AND WARM AIR COMBINED.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY THE
J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO.,
Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont.
206 Water St., New York; 75 Union St.,
Boston; 177 Randolph St., Chicago.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

CAMPAIGN
CLUB-ROOM PORTRAITS.

Elegant Banners to hang in Club Rooms, Hotels, Stores, and Workshops; size, 28 x 42, printed in three colors, with likenesses of candidates, life size. Democratic and Republican Banners now ready. Sample copy, postpaid, for thirty cents. Two dollars per dozen by mail. Liberal terms to Agents. Address

Hitchcock Printing and Publishing House,
385 6th Avenue, New York.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

GAS FIXTURES
—AND—
ELECTROLIERS.

THE MITCHELL VANCE COMPANY,
Successor to MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

Invites inspection of its large stock of **Gas & Electric Light Fixtures,** with the advantage to buyers of seeing goods in specially prepared parlors lighted with both gas and electric light.

Styles Correct,
Workmanship Unsurpassed,
Finish Not Excelled.

Prompt attention given to correspondence. Estimates furnished.

MANUFACTORY:
24th and 25th Streets and 10th Avenue.
SALESROOMS:
836 and 838 Broadway and 13th Street, New York City.

FINE LINEN
Writing Papers.

If you want a DAY BOOK made to order,
If you want a JOURNAL made to order,
If you want a CASH BOOK made to order,
If you want a LEDGER made to order,
If you want a RECORD made to order,
If you want a CHECK BOOK made to order,
If you want a SALES BOOK made to order,
If you want Paper for CORRESPONDENCE,
If you want Paper for LETTER HEADS,
If you want Paper for NOTE HEADS,
If you want Paper for BILL HEADS,
If you want Paper for TYPE-WRITER use,
If you want WRITING PAPER for any purpose,
ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER
For "LINEN LEDGER" Paper or
"LINEN WRITING" Paper,
made by

OUR TRADE-MARK.

CRANE BROS.,
WESTFIELD, MASS.
Used by all STATIONERS.
Used by all BOOKBINDERS.
Used by all LITHOGRAPHERS.
Used by all PRINTERS.
Sold by all PAPER DEALERS.

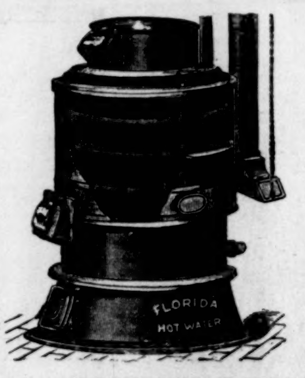
These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

REED'S Infantry, 50c. Artillery, 50c. Signal, 50c. **TACTICS** Military Science, $3.00. Broom Tactics, 25c. Display Movem'ts, 50c. Sent postpaid by HUGH T. REED, Box 647, CHICAGO.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps. Free Catalogue to agents. CHANDLER & FISHER, Cleveland, O.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE "FLORIDA" HEATERS



32 Sizes for STEAM HEATING.
15 Sizes for HOT-WATER HEATING.

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS IN USE, WARMING

RESIDENCES, HOTELS, STORES, SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, GREEN-HOUSES, BUSINESS BLOCKS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

NO EXPERIMENT—REPUTATION ESTABLISHED.

The most practical and economical systems of heating in use.

Write for our Illustrated Book, References, and Name of Agent nearest you. Estimates of Cost Free. Address

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MFG. CO.,
Sole Manufacturers, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED to supply FIFTY MILLION PEOPLE with THE LIFE OF
BEN. HARRISON | **By the author of BEN HUR.**

Gen. Lew Wallace, the *eminent* Author, Statesman, Diplomat, and *Life-long friend* of Gen. Harrison, is writing the *only authorized* Biography. "*No man living more competent.*"—Ex-Gov. Porter, of Ind. **Millions have read Ben Hur and want Ben Harrison** by same author. Selling *immensely*. *By mail* **$2.00. Greatest Money Making** book yet. **Outfits 50 cts.** HUBBARD BROS., Phila., Boston, or Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED
to take subscriptions for
LIBRARY OF
UNIVERSAL ADVENTURE.
Compiled and Edited by
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
and
THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.
Profuse Illustrations. 1044 Pages. Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Drgguists.

GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to J. H. Johnston & Son, Pittsburg, Pa.

From 12 to 15 Per Cent. will, in all probability, be paid on the Par Value of the stock of the

ELECTRIC BULLION SAVING COMPANY.

This Company has just been started, and has purchased the patents of Dr. Julio H. Rae for the State of Colorado and the Territories of Wyoming, Dakota, and New Mexico. This system has been a great success, having already increased the bullion product on the Pacific Coast over $400,000, and this on a very few mills and within a very short time. The company owning the rights for the State of Nevada has already paid dividends on its stock.

E. E. Fielding, Chemist and Assayer Consolidated California & Virginia Mining Company, under date of March 7, 1888, says:

"You have applied science to the old groove, and that means a saving of amalgam and money to not only the owners of mines and mills, but to the stockholders also. I hope and am sure that when the mills start up the Rae system will be in full blast, and I know full well that once a steady run, you will demonstrate, not only to the people of the Comstock, but to the entire mining world, your scientific application of electricity in the amalgamation of ores."

Since the above letter the system has been adopted and has proved a GRAND SUCCESS.

W. A. Rulison, Superintendent and Assayer of Douglass Mill, at Dayton, Nevada, under date of May 9, 1888, says:

"Our increase in bullion will be from $1000 to $2200. I can't tell exactly, as we are not refined up enough to tell; but sufficient to know that it will not be less than the $1000, and possibly run ahead of the $2000. The amount of quicksilver saved on the run is 55 flasks, which, at $40 per flask, is $2200, and bullion, at my lowest calculation $1000, is $3200, a pretty handsome profit itself."

Since the above letter, further information has been received, which shows an average saving of **$4000 per month** for 16 months.

There are about **300 mills** in this Company's district, and as it is for their interest to adopt this system, we shall no doubt get a large number of them, and the dividend ought to be much larger than the above estimate.

The par value of the stock is $10. IS FULL PAID AND UNASSESSABLE.

We shall sell a limited number of shares of the stock until August 25th at $2 per share.

This will give the investor 60 Per Cent. on his investment, if dividends can be paid on the par value as estimated.

THE DIRECTORS ARE WELL-KNOWN AND CONSERVATIVE MEN.

For further Information and Descriptive Pamphlet send to

W. S. CHAMBERLIN, Agent, 115 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Fraudulent Imitations.

Those who cannot originate, **imitate,** and all so-called Porous Plasters are only fraudulent imitations of **ALLCOCK'S.** If you want the genuine article, be certain not only to ask for

"ALLCOCK'S,"

but look well at the Plaster and see that this

Trade Mark

is on every one. None are genuine without it.

WE SELL ALL AMERICAN

BICYCLES.

And guarantee LOWEST PRICES.
A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, O.
Largest retail stock in America.

52 in	**OTTO**, factory price	$60.00,	our price	$40.00.
50 in.	" " "	55.00,	" "	35.00
48 in.	" " "	50.00,	" "	33.00.
46 in.	" " "	45.00,	" "	30.00.
44 in.	" " "	40.00,	" "	27.00.

Order quick. Also 250 second-hand Wheels. Repairing & Nickeling. Bicycles & Guns taken in trade.

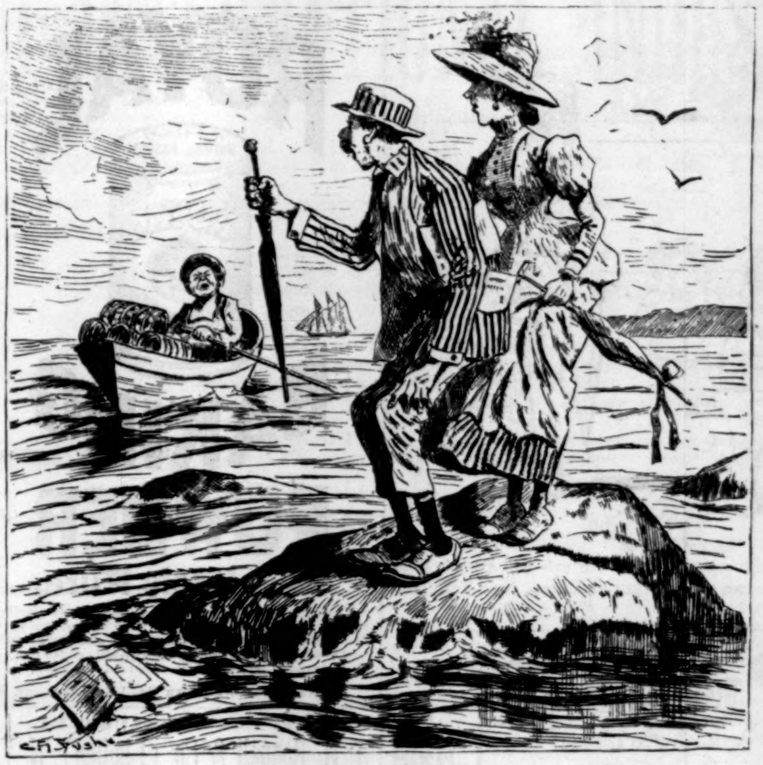
NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and **Best Equipped** in the **World**—100 Instructors, 2252 students last year. Thorough Instruction in *Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc.* Tuition, $5 to $25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $5.00 to $7.50 per week. **Fall Term** begins Sept. 13, 1888. For Illustrated Calendar, giving full information, address E. TOURJEE, Director, Franklin Square, BOSTON, MASS.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Advice Free HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT and permanently cure OBESITY. Only sure method. Starvation Diet and nauseous drugs unnecessary. New Treatise, with full instructions HOW TO ACT, sent free on application. Address: E. K. LYNTON 19 Park Place, New York.

TRUSSES **SEELEY'S Hard Rubber Trusses CURE Rupture.** Our "Mechanical Treatment of Rupture and Price List," 50 pp., for 5c., tells the whole story. I. B. Seeley & Co., Philada.

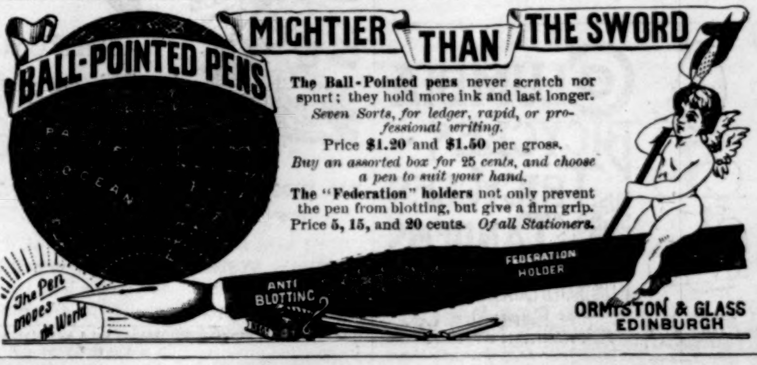


BEWARE OF THE TIDE.

(They had been reading the latest novel on the rocks.)

"Hi, there! come and take us off; we're caught by the tide."

"Got room enough fur the gal, but it's the height of the season, an' lobsters is wuth too much ter throw away. Ye'll hev ter swim it, or wait fur the nex' tide."



BALL-POINTED PENS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The Ball-Pointed pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
Seven Sorts, for ledger, rapid, or professional writing.
Price **$1.20** and **$1.50** per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price **5, 15,** and **20 cents.** *Of all Stationers.*

ORMISTON & GLASS
EDINBURGH

OCEAN
The Pen moves the World
ANTI BLOTTING
FEDERATION HOLDER

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically, and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

DRY-GOODS MERCHANTS, IMPORTERS, AND RETAILERS

Silks, and High-Class Dress Fabrics, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Notions, Dress Trimmings, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Household Dry Goods, Paris Millinery, Costumes, Coats, Wraps, &c. Upholstery, Curtains, and Furniture Decorations.

Correspondence solicited from all sections of the country, regarding materials and samples.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

A Family Library.

A Year's Subscription to HARPER'S PERIODICALS secures in them a Family Library of very respectable size and of a quality not to be surpassed. Here we have not only the best reading by the best authors of the day, but the best illustrations by the best artists. They meet the wants of all, from the youngest to the oldest, and satisfy every refined taste.—*N. Y. Observer.*

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

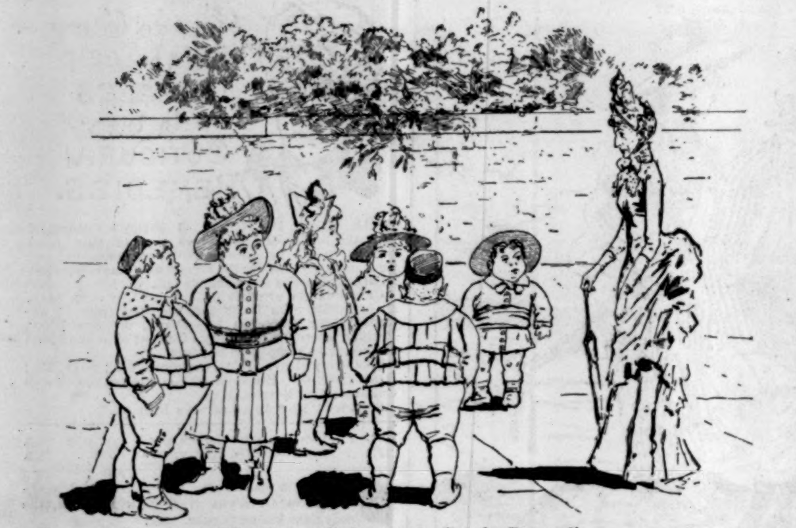
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, per Year,	$4.00	HARPER'S BAZAR, ... per Year,	$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, "	4.00	HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, "	2.00

POSTAGE FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND MEXICO.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the current number.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents in Stamps.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



ELDERLY MAIDEN: "What has swelled you so? Got the Dropsy?"

CHILDREN: "No. Poor Pa has been laid up with a broken leg. He gets $50 a week from The United States Mutual Accident Association, 320, 322, and 324 Broadway, New York, and we get pie every day now."

The Best

THE UNITED STATES
MUTUAL ACCIDENT
ASSOCIATION
320 and 322 BROADWAY, N.Y.
JAMES R. PITCHER SEC'Y
CHARLES B. PEET. PRES.

At Lowest Cost.

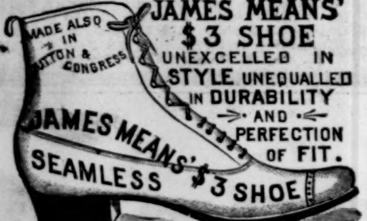
THE MARCH OF PROGRESS!

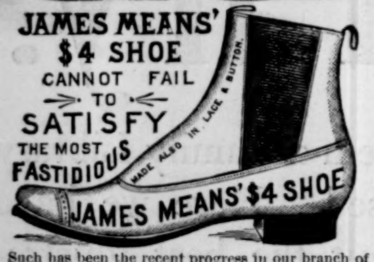
OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENT!

"Competition is the life of trade," and if you have not seen our improved $3 Shoe, made for the **Summer and Fall trade of 1888,** you cannot imagine how lively trade is, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep within sight of us.

Ask your retailer for the James Means' $3 Shoe, or the James Means' $4 Shoe, according to your needs.

Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior shoes upon which they make a larger profit.


JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE
UNEXCELLED IN STYLE UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY AND PERFECTION OF FIT.
MADE ALSO IN BUTTON & CONGRESS
JAMES MEANS' SEAMLESS $3 SHOE


JAMES MEANS' $4 SHOE
CANNOT FAIL TO SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS
MADE ALSO IN LACE & BUTTON.
JAMES MEANS' $4 SHOE

Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means' $4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.

Ours are the original $3 and $4 shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any state or territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

James Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

SECURUS JUDICAT

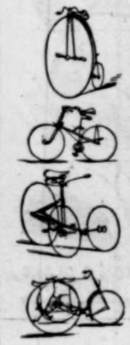
Apollinaris

ORBIS TERRARUM

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS



COLUMBIA BICYCLES · TRICYCLES · TANDEMS

DURABLE = SIMPLE =

GUARANTEED = HIGHEST GRADE

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE = FREE

· POPE MFG. CO.

79 FRANKLIN ST · BOSTON

BRANCH HOUSES 12 WARREN ST. NEW YORK
291 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

The finest Meat-Flavoring Stock. USE IT FOR SOUPS, Beef Tea, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

J. v. Liebig

TRADE MARK

EXTRACT of MEAT

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY

J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

SOZODONT

SMILES ARE BECOMING

ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT,

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
NATURE'S MATERIA MEDICA
TRADE MARK PAT.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY

in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, the Gouty Diathesis, Nervous Dyspepsia, &c.

DR. WM. A. HAMMOND, of New York, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army (Retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, &c.*

"I have for some time made use of the Buffalo Lithia Water in cases of affections of the NERVOUS SYSTEM,* complicated with BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS or with a GOUTY DIATHESIS. The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite remedy with me in like cases, but the Buffalo Water certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts, and is, moreover, better borne by the Stomach. I also often prescribe it in those cases of CEREBRAL HYPERÆMIA resulting from over-mental work—in which the condition called NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA exists—and generally with marked benefit."

* For the benefit of the unprofessional, the following extracts are appended from *The Practice of Medicine*, by Dr. Austin Flint. Under the head of "BRIGHT'S DISEASE," Dr. F. says: "Symptoms referable to the "NERVOUS SYSTEM *are among the most important* of those belonging to the clinical history of the disease."

Again he says: "*Coma and Convulsions are the most important* of the symptoms referable to the NERVOUS SYSTEM. They occur in a pretty large proportion of cases, *and are generally forerunners of a fatal termination.* In Chronic BRIGHT'S DISEASE, as in the acute affection, they proceed from *Uræmic Poisoning.*"

It is evident then that Dr. Hammond attests the efficacy of the Water in the *most formidable presentations of Bright's Disease.*

DR. ALFRED L. LOOMIS, *Professor of Pathology and Practical Medicine in the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, &c.*

"For the past four years I have used the Buffalo Lithia Water in the treatment of CHRONIC INTERSTITIAL NEPHRITIS,* occurring in Gouty and Rheumatic subjects, with marked benefit. In all Gouty and Rheumatic Affections I regard it as highly efficacious."

* Ziemssen, in his great work, *The Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine*, under the head of "*Interstitial Inflammation of the Kidneys*" (that is, *Interstitial Nephritis*), says: "The pathological state of the *Kidneys* at present designated by the above name (along with several other names), represents *the third stage* of what is known by authors as BRIGHT'S DISEASE, and is alleged to be the final result of diffuse *Nephritis.*"

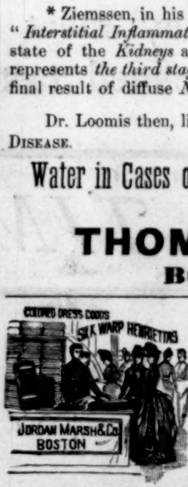
Dr. Loomis then, like Dr. Hammond, attests the value of this *in an advanced stage of* BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, $5 per Case at the Springs.

Pamphlet sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,

Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.



Silk Warp Henriettas in Colors. This exquisite combination of Silk and Wool, skilfully handled by the dyer, gives a delicate two-toned effect. Through the soft tints of the Wool shine the bloom and brilliancy of the Silk,—both materials dyed to the same shade, but neither losing its identity. **$1.25** per yard. Samples and catalogue sent post free to any address by **Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, Mass.**

CURE for the DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS **Perfectly Restore the Hearing,** and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, music, even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. **Situations procured** all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. C. CHAFFEE,** Oswego, N. Y.

LE PAGE'S

THE ONLY GENUINE

LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. *Pronounced strongest glue known.*

IS MADE BY THE Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass. AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS. Sample 20c stamps

PRINT Your Own CARDS

PRESS, $3. Circular size, $8. Newspaper size, $44. Type-setting easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., to factory, Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Ct.

TRADE E & W MARK

EARL & WILSON'S

LINEN

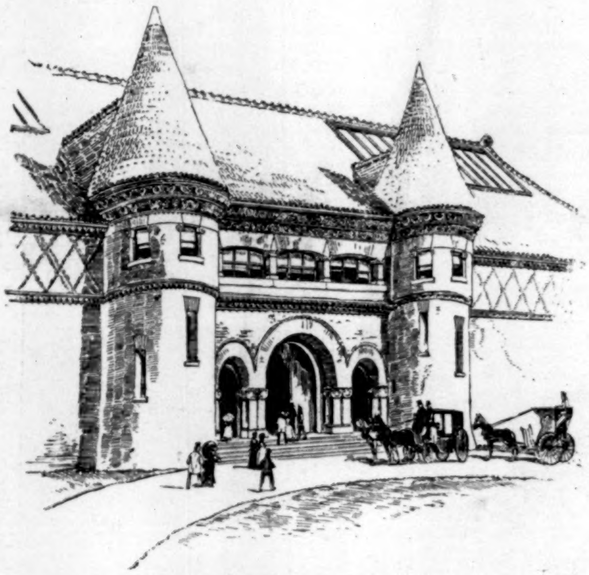
COLLARS & CUFFS

BEST IN THE WORLD

TELESCOPES *Spectacles, Barometers, Microscopes, Photographic Outfits for Amateurs, Field Glasses, Lantern Slides, &c.* **W. H. WALMSLEY & CO.,** Philadelphia, Pa. Illustrated price list free. Send for *Special Bargain Lists.*

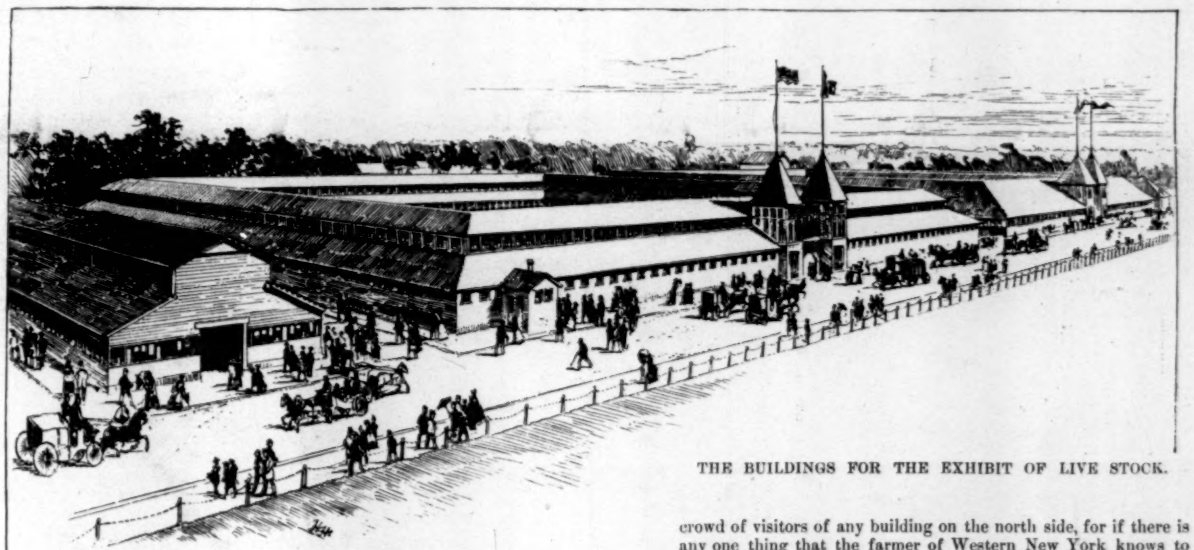
THE BUFFALO INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, AUGUST 18, 1888.



THE ART BUILDING.

BUFFALO has taken a new step forward. So great has the old city's conservatism been in the past that whatever of actual advance she has made during recent years has not properly been held up to public attention. As a result, Buffalo's growth, which, although never spasmodic nor rapid, has yet always been steady and solid, has rarely received anything like full credit in even local estimation. Rather than advertise the city and its resources, the people have apparently been willing to let other cities think them slow and unappreciative of their advantages. All this has now been changed quickly and completely, for with the opening of the Buffalo International Industrial Fair on September 4th the city will be brought into a prominence by no means inferior to that of any place in the country.



THE BUILDINGS FOR THE EXHIBIT OF LIVE STOCK.

A few Buffalo citizens of means, who saw with regret and concern the neglect of the city's opportunities, met last January to devise a way by which the value of the city as a shipping and manufacturing centre could be brought to the attention of capitalists and investors in other places. The Buffalo International Industrial Fair was decided upon as the best means to this end. Business men to the number of 120 united in giving the project a permanent foundation by subscribing stock sufficient to purchase the property of the Buffalo Driving Park, to erect the largest fair building in the world, and to offer to exhibitors cash premiums to the amount of $100,000. The largest single subscription was for $16,000. The man who subscribed that amount said that he stood ready to make it $100,000 if the success of the fair depended upon it. Owing to the energy and skill with which the enterprise was managed, however, the additional subscription was not needed. It was no ordinary task that the Fair Association set itself to do. In the first place, a thick crust of Buffalo conservatism had to be broken, and after that had been done successfully the promoters of the fair were compelled to prove to cautious and practical-minded people that the idea could be successfully carried out. To a large number of Buffalo people the fair seemed to be too large an undertaking to handle, and naturally they were inclined to hold aloof from it. Like all practical-minded and cautious people, they did not want to be identified with a failure. Caution always has been a conspicuous trait of Buffalo character, whether in the transaction of every-day business, the investment of capital, the erection of buildings, or in matters of science, the arts, and religion. It could hardly be expected that the traditions of a lifetime were to be overcome in a day. Perhaps the fair committees did not altogether succeed in sweeping away the cobwebs of the past, but they came as near to it as was actually necessary. They were content to let the enterprise itself do the rest.

The fair will be in all respects what Buffalo has a right to expect. It combines the chief features of both exposition and fair. So skilfully have these features been worked in together that the uninstructed visitor would for a time be puzzled to decide whether the big show were an exposition with a fair attached or a fair with an incidental exposition. The agriculturist undoubtedly would say that the fair was the overshadowing feature of the enterprise. Any one of the numerous features would make a presentable show in itself.

If there are any lingering doubts in the minds of the most cautious Buffalo people that the fair will not be a credit to the city, the following table of comparisons, showing the cash premiums offered by the fairs at St. Louis and Toronto and the New York State Fair, will prove of some interest:

	N. Y. State Fair.	Toronto.	St. Louis.	Buffalo.
Horses, breeders' classes	$2,092	$5,645	$7,995	$13,450
Cattle, breeders' classes	2,901	3,399	6,255	14,405
Sheep, breeders' classes	1,680	1,949	1,350	3,090
Poultry	643	1,278	721	2,398
Butter and cheese	550	739	335	1,400
Art Department	73	1,070	None	6,183
Ladies' Department and Flowers	483	1,276	2,114	3,610
Total	$8,422	$15,856	$18,770	$44,536
St. Louis, Toronto, and Empire State combined				$42,548
Buffalo International alone				44,536

These comparisons reflect no discredit upon Toronto and St. Louis, as the fairs in these places have heretofore been the largest in their respective countries, but rather tend to show the true significance of the new Buffalo movement. It may be expected that St. Louis will not yield her supremacy as a fair-holding city without an energetic protest and a sturdy effort to regain the lead. The tremendous rivalry that may be looked for will do more good to the farmer, the manufacturer, and the public at large than most people would think possible. The city whose fair gains the lead and keeps it will naturally secure the greatest benefit. If these figures are not enough, there are others equally interesting and convincing. A comparison of some of the premiums of the Buffalo Fair and the Ohio Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati is as follows:

	Ohio Centennial.	Buffalo Fair.
Horses (breeders' classes)	$8,578	$13,450
Cattle	9,930	14,405
Sheep	2,178	3,090
Poultry	2,191	2,398
Butter and cheese	800	1,400
Art Department	(no premiums)	6,183
Total	$23,677	$40,926

In comparing these figures it should be borne in mind that the Cincinnati Exposition is claimed to be the largest of its kind since the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. If Buffalo people are not proud of their fair, they certainly are hard to please. Cash premiums in other departments of the fair will bring the grand total up to $100,000, which is a very handsome sum for the exhibitors to carry away.

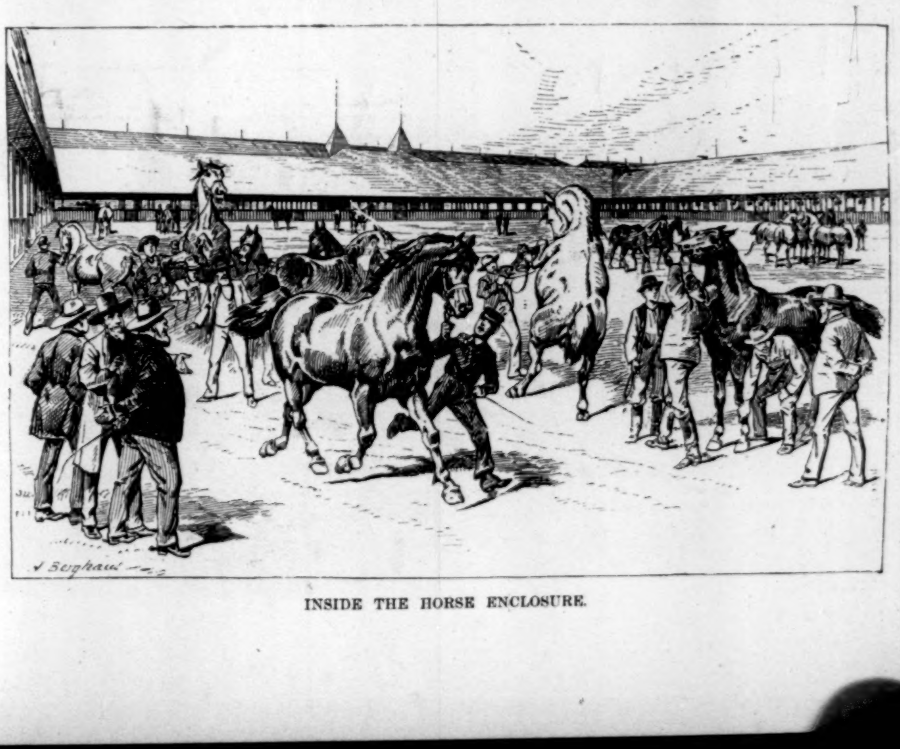
The chief point of interest in the fair grounds is naturally the Main Building, which is architecturally one of the handsomest exposition buildings in the country. It is a massive structure of brick and wood, 450 feet long and 200 feet wide. The main entrance is in the centre of the eastern front, at the base of a tower that rises 160 feet from the foundation. The lower part of the tower is of brick, and the upper part of alternating bands of clapboards and shingles. The whole effect is decidedly striking and attractive. On the ground-floor of the main tower is an open space 66 feet square, which will be used as an entrance hall to the building. After passing through the arched entrances the visitor may turn to either side, and pass through similar brick arches to view different exhibits, or mount the main stairway to the floors above. A mass of light from the arched windows of the second floor of the tower pours down over the stairway, and makes it one of the brightest and most cheerful spots in the building. The towers at the four corners of the big structure are 112 feet high and 56 feet square. The front aisle, running lengthwise of the building, will be devoted to miscellaneous exhibits, and the rear aisle to machinery. The centre of the entire building is divided into two open courts covered by one roof. Both of these courts will be occupied by the horticultural display. The second floor will be filled with miscellaneous exhibits.

Next to the Main Building, on its north end, is the Art Building, which probably will not be wholly finished for this year's exhibition. Enough of it will be under roof, however, to give space to a large and beautiful collection of works of art. When finished according to the architect's plans the main part of the building will be of colored brick. The rear extension is of wood. The entrance is a noteworthy architectural feature of the design. In size the Art Building will be 160 feet by 34 feet in the main part, and 80 feet by 50 feet in the rear extension. MUNKACSY'S "Christ before Pilate" will be a feature of the art exhibition this year. The liberal premiums offered by the managers of the fair ought to result in an exceptionally fine display of works of art. This is a department that cannot be too liberally encouraged in any exposition. The Buffalo Fair is to be congratulated on its position in this matter.

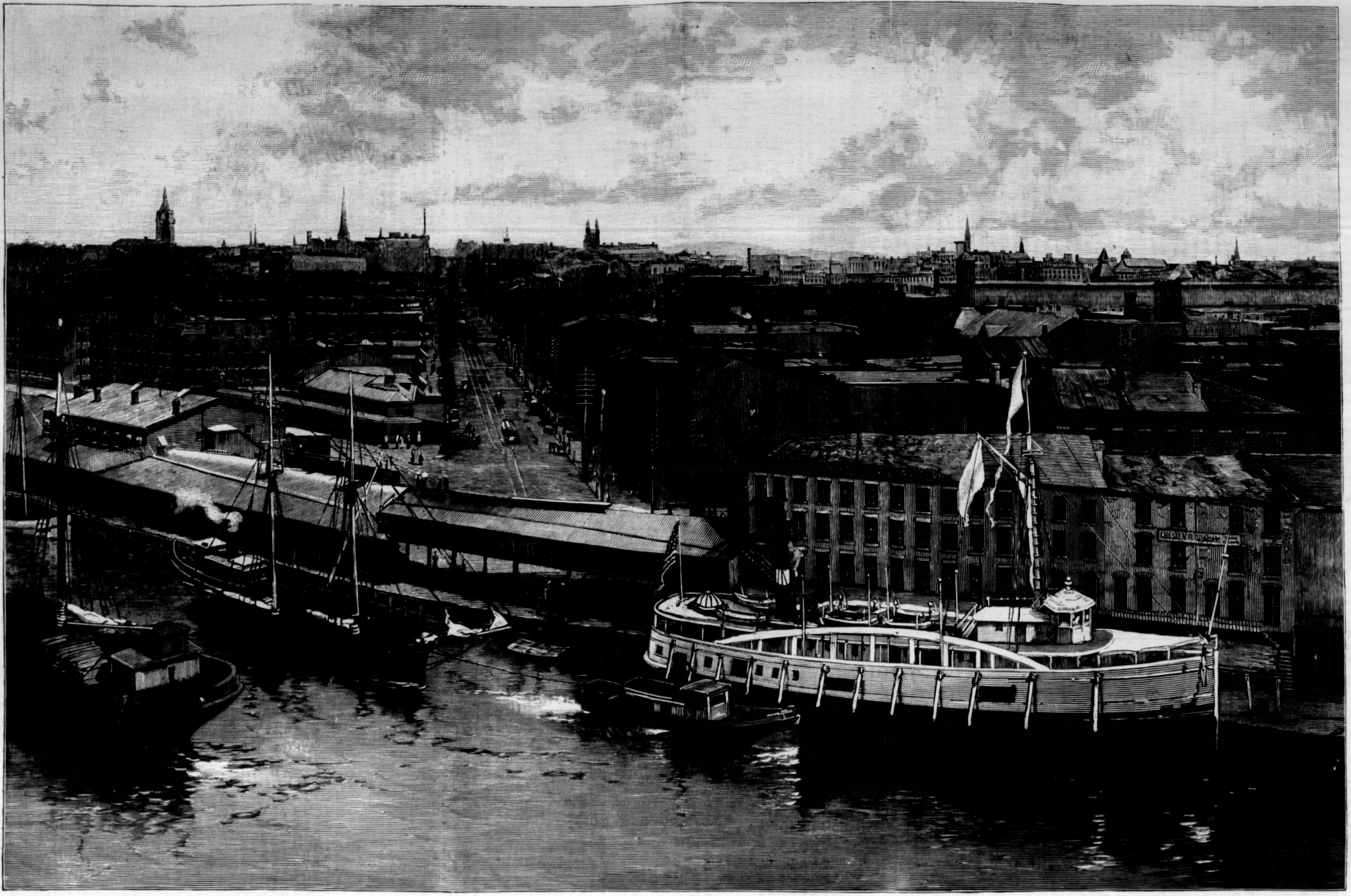
The Art Building has for its neighbor on the north the Officers' Building, which will be head-quarters for the managers of the fair, and for members of the press who visit the grounds either for business or pleasure. In the open space north and northwest of the Officers' Building a number of tents will be occupied by exhibitors who cannot find room in the Main Building or any of the other departments. The exhibits in the tents will be mainly of agricultural machinery and farming implements.

Farmers, stock-raisers, and horse-breeders will find the display on the north side of the grounds the most interesting in the fair. Here will be shown cattle, horses, swine, dogs, birds, and poultry in large numbers. The entries in each of these departments promise a remarkably fine show. The most westerly of the row of buildings on the north side will be occupied by dogs, poultry, and pigeons. Many famous prize-winners at most of the bench shows held in this country and in Europe during recent years will compete for the premiums. In the poultry exhibit the large cash prizes offered will undoubtedly bring to Buffalo the largest display of domestic fowls ever seen in this country. The pigeon show will be exceptionally fine, as special arrangements have been made for the care and exhibition of the birds.

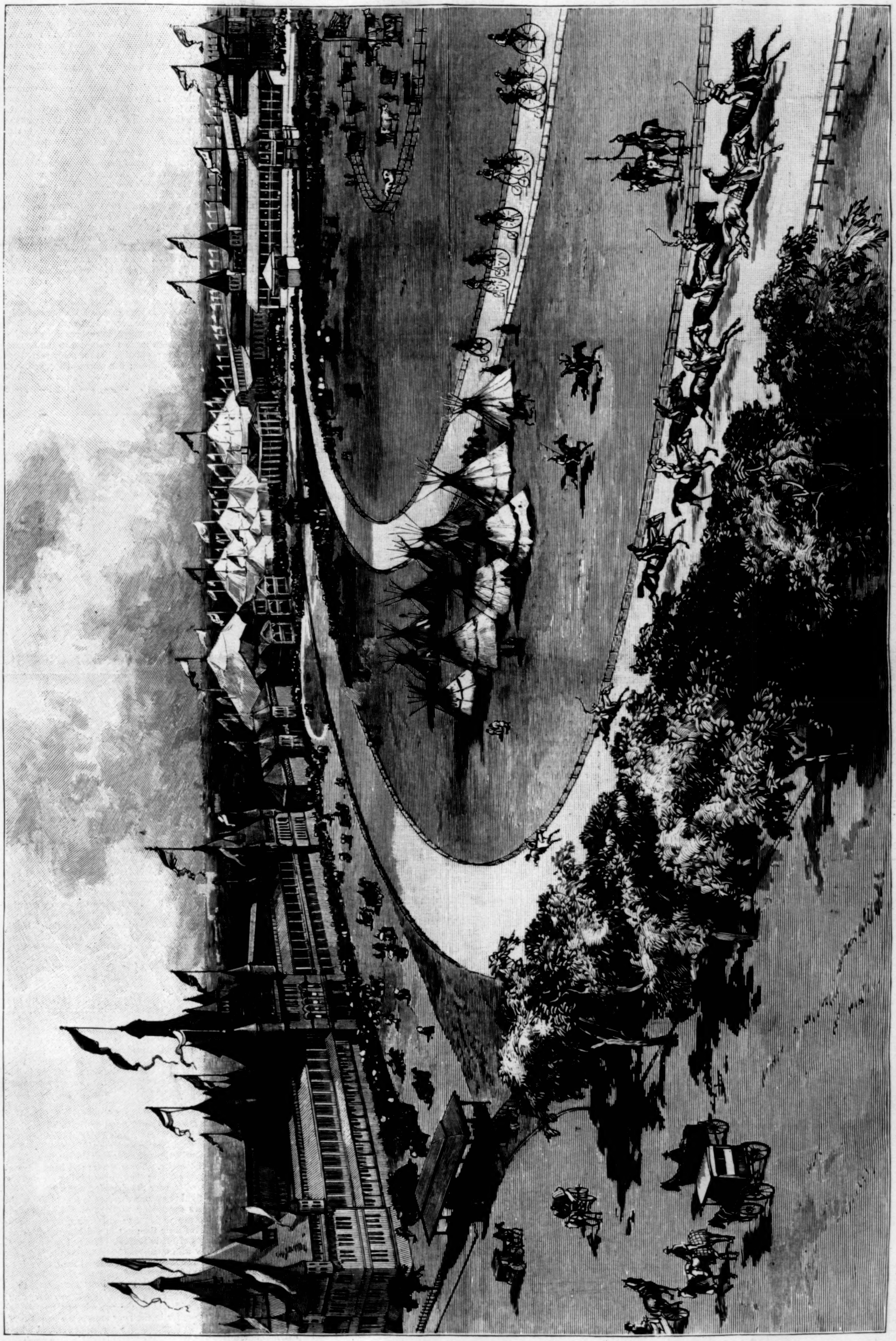
Cattle-breeders from all parts of the country will fill the adjoining building with the finest animals obtainable. The most remarkable cow on earth—one that has given more than fifteen tons of milk in a single year—will be the chief attraction of the exhibit. She will have for companions during the fair an unusually large number of prize-winners in other fairs. The Horse Building, which stands next, is expected to attract the largest crowd of visitors of any building on the north side, for if there is any one thing that the farmer of Western New York knows to perfection more than another it is a fine horse. Scores of the very finest animals in the United States and Canada will be on exhibition. The rivalry between Canada and the United States in this matter will be very keen, as Canada for years has had an idea that she raises the best horses on the American continent. Canada certainly does breed admirable draught horses, but whether or not they are better than the horses of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Western States remains in a large measure for the Buffalo International Fair to decide. Every day during the fair the large open enclosure inside the Horse Building



INSIDE THE HORSE ENCLOSURE.



MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, FROM THE LYON ELEVATOR.—From a Photograph by George A. Dressel.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.